

ASPINALL'S

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER.

SALES INCREASING OVER ALL THE WORLD.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL OBTAINED THE GOLD MEDAL, AND AWARDED THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, JAMAICA, 1881.

ENAMEL.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1891.

MILFORD LANE; STRAND.—No. 521.

THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE,
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

BOULANGER'S SUICIDE.
A LONG PREMEDITATED ACT.
REVIENS ATTEMPTS.—FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

VIENNA, October 1.—The *Figaro* denies that report that Prince Victor Napoleon had died at the house in which General Boulanger is lying dead. M. Leguereau, on being interviewed about the subject of the general's death, said:—"For a year we have been separated in policy, but I only wish to keep the recollections of the valiant soldier he served his country brilliantly." M. Poinsot declared that the suicide of General Boulanger affected him, but did not surprise him. He added that his death would have but little influence on Boulanger, which was already enabling to become M. du Maréchal. M. Merle stated that their grief was such that they could say nothing. M. Georges and Gabriel despatched the death of their chief, but observed that an event would not modify their political attitude, and that they would remain in the position. This morning's papers are agreed that the death of General Boulanger will in no way affect the political situation.

The *République Française* says the national army has no more of an example in order to remain quiet, but were such example needed that Boulanger would suffice to destroy any desire in the minds of the soldiers of France to be other than soldiers. The *Journal des Débats* expresses a similar view. The Boulanger papers dwell with sorrowful regret against the foreign pilgrimage. A crowd again assembled before the Hotel de Milan and, after hissing and hooting the pilgrims outside, and uttering cries hostile to France, proceeded to the French Embassy, under the windows of which a similar demonstration was made. Here, after having been called upon to disperse, the mob was broken up by the police. One of the under-secretaries of State addressed the crowds, doing all he could to calm their excitement. A number of the demonstrators afterwards presented themselves at the residence of the minister, whom they requested to telegraph to the King, who is staying at Monza, that the people of the capital unanimously protested against the insults offered to the memory of his illustrious father and to Italy. The demonstrations may now be considered at an end, and the city is resuming its customary tranquillity.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

BRAUNSBERG, October 3.—M. Leemans, burgomaster of Izelle, has, at the request of the French Legion, undertaken to prevent all violent demonstrations against France during the ceremony, which is to take place at the cemetery. It is rumoured that the Boulanger deputies will hold a meeting at the funeral. Yesterday afternoon, General Boulanger's mother was conducted to the house of some friends on the pretence of going for a walk. She remained there last night, and will be kept there to-day until the funeral is over.

(GENERAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)

BAVARIEN, September 30.—In conversations with M. Dutens, Boulanger's closest friend, Cemetery-inspector Marbach, and M. Monton, Boulanger's secretary, it has been ascertained that on Saturday last Miss Griffith, one of the general's nieces, upon entering his room found him in the act of attempting to suicide with a revolver, which, however, she succeeded in snatching from him. He promised not to renew the attempt, but continued brooding over the loss of his mistress, and indignantly resented the suggestion of reconciliation with his wife. His only topic in conversation was his dead mistress, and he drove daily to the cemetery in a black draped carriage. He had given an order for the inscription, "A bientôt, Marguerite," to be worked in gold letters on her tombstone, and had arranged for a chamber to be constructed with a vault for the reception of his own body. He spent hours daily before the tomb in a Hamlet-like attitude, causing a gravedigger to remark yesterday, "There's a man who wants to die." Owing to his demeanour his relatives had, as they believed, removed all weapons. Madame Bonnemain is declared to have been a beautiful woman, who gave up her husband and fortune for the general. M. Dutens accompanied him early this morning and prevailed upon him to leave after a short stay, but he set out again at 11 o'clock and upon his friend following and remonstrating, Boulanger asked him to leave him to his sorrow for a few minutes. Two minutes afterwards he shot himself. His mother, who is 86, suffers from softening of the brain, and still believes her son to be French War Minister.

(DAHLIN'S TELEGRAM.)

BRUSSELS, Noon.—At half past 11 this morning the official record of the death of General Boulanger was drawn up at the general's house, in the presence of Miss Griffith, M. Dutens, and the registrar. The obsequies have been definitely fixed for half-past 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. It is desired that all pomp shall be avoided at the funeral, but orders have been given for a large force of police to be in attendance in anticipation of a large crowd being present. At the Brussels cemetery it has been found necessary to organise a special police service to maintain order among the visitors to the spot where the general committed suicide. The throng is chiefly composed of the French residents in Brussels and persons arriving by successive trains from Paris. The general's house is besieged by artists seeking to make sketches for different publications, and numerous spectators are also being made of the scene at the cemetery.

1.45 p.m.—I have just returned from a second visit to the little house in the Rue Montoyer, where the deceased general is now lying in state. The picture is sad and impressive. In many ways it is touching. The bed on which the body lies is one mass of the most beautiful flowers. The scene of his sorrowing in life has literally become a bed of roses in his death. The whole room is filled with floral offerings for which there is not room above the body, and the evidence of sympathy and tenderness is varied. At the foot of the bed a little silver cross and a crystal vase of holy water have been placed. By the bed sit the two cousins and Madame Barbier and her daughter watching over the remains. The general's mother, who is a venerable lady of 86, is still ignorant of his death. I had a long talk with M. Barbier, the banker, who showed me the last telegram addressed to him by the general. It was simply, "All is over; come quickly." He also showed me the letter left by the general for his mother. It was very touching. He tells her that he is about to take a long journey, and asks her not to be uneasy about him, because all will be well with him. He

sends her a tender farewell embrace. With regard to the political will, M. Barbier told me that the general's friends were familiar with its contents, but did not wish to speak of it at present.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)

SUPPOSED ATTEMPT ON THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR'S LIFE.

VIENNA, October 1.—Great commotion has been caused here by what is believed to have been a dabolished attempt on the life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. During last night two bombs were discovered with all the marks of causing a disastrous explosion, underneath a bridge near Bruckberg, in the environs of Bruckberg, Bohemia. It was known that the emperor would travel by this route during the night, and an explosion when his carriage was upon the structure would have meant certain death. Fortunately the shells were discovered, and the attempt was thus frustrated. The emperor arrived at Bruckberg in perfect safety at 9 o'clock this morning.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

OTTAWA, October 2.—The Government is preparing to act vigorously in regard to the prosecution of the contractors who defrauded the Public Works Department. Sir John Thompson said to-day that he was drawing up a report to the Cabinet on the subject, and he expected that the actions would be entered next week. A large amount of money was due to Messrs Connolly, former members of the firm of Messrs Larkin, Connolly, and Co., on account of their recent contract with the Government, and it was likely, said the Minister, that this would be withheld, as a partial offset to the amount of which the country had been defrauded.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN ROME.

ROMA, October 3.—At a late hour last night there was a renewal of the demonstration against the foreign pilgrimage. A crowd again assembled before the Hotel de Milan and, after hissing and hooting the pilgrims outside, and uttering cries hostile to France, proceeded to the French Embassy, under the windows of which a similar demonstration was made. Here, after having been called upon to disperse, the mob was broken up by the police. One of the under-secretaries of State addressed the crowds, doing all he could to calm their excitement. A number of the demonstrators afterwards presented themselves at the residence of the minister, whom they requested to telegraph to the King, who is staying at Monza, that the people of the capital unanimously protested against the insults offered to the memory of his illustrious father and to Italy. The demonstrations may now be considered at an end, and the city is resuming its customary tranquillity.

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CHICAGO, October 2.—Five hundred delegates to the convention of Irish Nationalists have been announced to be duly accredited. Of these, between 300 and 400 were present at yesterday's sitting. Committees of resolutions, finance, rules, and the order of business and constitution were appointed yesterday and ordered to report this morning, when the convention re-assembles.

ARGENTINE FINANCE.

PARIS, October 2.—Official returns of the approximate result of the French harvest for the present year state the yield of wheat at 31,889,070 hectolitres for an area under cultivation of 5,819,507 hectares; mixed corn, 3,636,992 hectolitres for 253,335 hectares; and 21,152,317 hectolitres for 1,494,714 hectares.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

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ARGENTINE FINANCE.

PARIS, October 2.—A despatch received here from Buenos Ayres of yesterday's date, announced that the Government has decreed a forced paper currency, fixing the premium on gold at 150 per cent. It has likewise authorised the suspension for two years of payments in gold. A new monetary unit has been adopted and the Government is now coining a certain quantity of silver and nickel money. The committee of the Chamber appointed to examine the bill for the issue of 45,000,000 piastros in paper for the foundation of the National Argentine Bank has presented a favourable report. The Session of Congress should have expired yesterday, but the Government has decided to prolong it until pending affairs have been settled.

THE GOVERNMENT IN HUNGARY.

GROSSENDORF, October 1.—M. Tisza, the ex-Premier in the course of an address to his constituents yesterday, expressed his satisfaction with the character and patriotism of the present Government and of the Moderate Liberals, and condemned the system of obstruction pursued by the Opposition in Parliament. M. Tisza pointed out that notwithstanding the uncertainty of the political situation during the past ten years peace had been maintained, and he expressed the hope that it would be no less possible to preserve it in the future.

THE BURGOS DISASTER.

BURGOS, October 2.—The funeral of Mr. William Cotton, who died here on Wednesday, owing to injuries received in the recent terrible railway collision, took place yesterday in presence of a large number of citizens, the prefect, and a delegation from the College of Advocates. The ceremony was attended with many manifestations of sympathy. When the coffin was lowered into the grave Professor Bannister Fletcher, father of the Englishman of that name who was injured in the railway accident, read the burial service. On the passage of the funeral procession through the streets all the men in the crowd lining the route uncovered. Two Englishmen and three local lawyers acted as pall-bearers. The late Mr. Cotton's brothers left last night on their return to London.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHILI.

NEW YORK, October 2.—A despatch from Santiago of yesterday's date states that the refugees who took shelter at the American Legation are still there. The Junta refuses to grant safe conduct, and spies are watching the legation in the hope of capturing the refugees. The orders issued to arrest all entering or leaving the legation have been revoked on Mr. Egan's protest. Several persons had been arrested, including Mr. Egan's son.

LOS ANGELES (CALIFORNIA), October 1.—The Itala, which was seized and declared confiscated by the United States for attempting to convey a cargo of arms for the use of the belligerents in Chili, was released yesterday upon the filing of a bond in a penalty of \$60,000 dolars for the vessel and a like amount for the cargo of arms.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

TUNIS, October 2.—Her Majesty's cruiser Scout, under the command of Prince Louis of Battenberg, arrived yesterday at Golieta.

The prince soon afterwards called upon M. Massicot, the French President General, and upon General Leclerc, who at once re-turned his highness's visit. Prince Louis will to-day be received by the Bey. The Scout

will leave to-morrow.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

HAMBURG, October 2.—A telegram from Copenhagen to the *Hamburger Nachrichten* states that the Czarina, accompanied probably by the Czar, the Czarewitch, and the Grand Duke Paul, is expected back at Fredensborg on Sunday. The Emperor, it is added, intends to spend at Fredensborg the anniversary of his silver wedding, which falls on November 9th next, and to pay a visit to the Berlin

court on his way back to Russia at the end of November.

COPENHAGEN, October 2.—The Czarina, who will leave St. Petersburg to-morrow on board the imperial yacht Polarstar, is expected to arrive here on the 4th or 5th inst.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WINDSOR (ONTARIO) October 2.—The feeling in favour of the annexation of Canada by the United States always had supporters in this border town, but hitherto the policy has had no united advocacy. Lately, however, those in favour of annexation have organised themselves under the name of the Continental Unity Club, with the object of propagating their views; and last night a crowded public meeting was held at the club at which a resolution in favour of political union with the United States was adopted. Among the speakers were Mr. Solomon White, a Conservative, and member for North Essex in the Ontario Assembly, and Dr. Brian, a Liberal, who formerly represented South Essex in the Dominion House of Commons. The meeting was of an enthusiastic character, although a few hisses were occasionally heard amid the cheering. The speakers all strongly advocated peaceful discussion in favour of a peaceful union between the two countries.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN CANADA.

HALIFAX (NOVA SCOTIA), October 2.—The most disastrous fire of the past thirty years broke out here at 12 o'clock last night.

The flames spread with marvellous rapidity, and before they could be got under control had destroyed ten wharves and thirty-five warehouses and stores in Upper Water-street between the Imperial Ordnance Yard and the Cunard Steamer Dock. The principal firms, whose premises have been burned are Messrs. Taylor and Co., West India merchants; Messrs. Brookfield Brothers, proprietors of numerous wharves; Messrs. De Wolf and Son, agents of the Anchor Line Steamship Company; and Messrs. Shadwell Brothers, oil dealers. Fifteen hundred barrels of petroleum, and an enormous quantity of sugar, molasses, fish oil, flour, and lumber were destroyed. The loss is estimated at a million dollars, and of this sum probably half is covered by insurance, mostly in English offices. The imperial troops and sailors rendered valuable assistance in their efforts to control the flames.

THE FRENCH HARVEST.

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3,636,992 hectolitres for 253,335 hectares; and 21,152,317 hectolitres for 1,494,714 hectares.

THE BURGOS DISASTER.

PARIS, October 2.—The funeral of Mr.

O'Brien for libelling Prince George of Wales was concluded last night, giving a verdict of guilty. The judge, Mr. Cross, then asked the counsel on both sides to agree upon the punishment of the criminal. The prosecuting counsel refused to suggest a punishment, and the counsel for the defence asked for a suspension of sentence. The judge severely reprimanded O'Brien, and then said that because of his family he would suspend sentence. The verdict and the suspension of the sentence meet with the approval of the public.

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NORTH COUNTRY SKETCHES.

BY F. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

VILLAGE HEATHEN.

In these days it is not uncommon to hear parsons and statesmen bewailing the relapse of rural England into Paganism. But, lest you fancy I am going to plunge into these acrimonious discussions, and discourse of the Bible in schools, the waning influence of squire and priest, and the spread of free thought, let me say at once that the heathen I speak of are those of the preceding generation residing in our out-of-the-way northern villages. There was always a kind of outcast population, who, for all the civilisation they knew or practised, might as well have been African savages or South Sea barbarians. England did not produce the like except in the lowest pureness and thievishness of London. The only difference was that they were less given to vice, and more harmless. You could laugh at their eccentricities, and not feel you were encouraging iniquity. When a man and a woman felt an inclination for each other, "I do not say fell in love, because the expression was too fine and grand for their simple vocabulary—the simply went together, without the offices either of registrar or priest. Till the time came when one or both went to the workhouse, which is as far as I recollect, was the end of all my favourite heathen—they were tolerably faithful to one another. The man beat the woman just as if he had been her husband, and she blamed and scolded him for getting drunk and spending the money, exact! the same as if she had been his wife. When children came they were not christened, and I fancy, the names, or rather "no-names," which is the right term for such appellation, Bob's, Dick, and Sal's names on Jenny's' Mag., were not formally given, but simply "grown" to them; but they were fed sometimes, when they had a share of such food and clothes as were in the family, and learned to fight and drink and swear sooner than any of their contemporaries.

Talking of clothes, reminds me of old Isaac Hall, who certainly was as typical an example as could be found of the village heathen. Unlike the rest, however, he had never formed any feminine tie, but lived all by himself in a dilapidated hut beside the stable, his living being made with a horse and cart, with which he led coals and lime, and one thing and another. He confessed to being no hand at the needle, and when his coat, as would happen at times, grew so ragged that the wind threatened to blow the pieces asunder, he would offer a "lift" to any ancient dame desirous of reaching the little market town, on condition that she would mend his garment by the way. How we children used to laugh as they went past. Isaac on the "limmer," driving the slow and aged black horse, the old woman, in spectacles, sitting on a bunch of straw industriously stitching away at his coat. Everybody used to laugh at his unconsciously droll sayings. When he and a few boon companions, after much deliberation, ventured on a first ride in a railway train, "Sit fair in the middle, lads, or then she's sure to cowl," was his grave warning. Although he did not live more than twelve miles from the sea, he was at least fifty before he ever got a view of it. "Like a mucky green field 'tumatis wi' o' white gowan hereon there," was his description of it. Between the curate and him there used to be many curious passages. "I wish you good evening," the polite clergyman would say, and Isaac would reply, "Drumly a bit" or "Wetts like" for the village heathen will exchange a remark about the weather, but he knows nothing of courteous expressions of ceremony like "Good morning" or "Good-bye." Farewells and greetings are not in his vocabulary. And still Isaac was very kindly. Once the parson determined to get him to church, and calling at the wretched little cottage sat on a stool for two hours talking theology that was quite utterly beyond the curate's comprehension. "I grieve sincerely for your soul," at last said the priest in a voice that throbbed with emotion and despair. Old Isaac felt that something was wrong, though he could not exactly say what. Puzzled as to what could be amiss with the curate, he took his short black cuff from his mouth, rubbed the stem back and forward on his waistcoat sleeve, and handing it to his visitor, answered kindly, "Haven't drawn the mistletoe grand for the hamman?" An act of civilisation that he did not learn till his dying day was the very simple ceremony of shaking hands. Village heathen meet and part without it—indeed, one comes and another goes away without a farewell or greeting of any kind. On the rare occasions wherein Isaac saw two people pump-handling one another's arms, I have seen his grey eyes shine with the most obviously keen curiosity and bewilderment, as if it were something he could not comprehend.

On Sundays the village heathen goes neither to church nor meeting-house—firstly, because he has no clothes fit to be seen in; and, secondly, because he has no inclination. Thirdly, as he most likely was very drunk on Saturday night, and not improbably is suffering from the effects of a fight, he is glad to take a longer sleep than usual. Then his horse's "cratch" *as he calls it* the harness, not improbably wants mending or seeing to, and the rest of the time flies all too swiftly. If it is a fine sunny day he can sit for hours on a grey stone, doing and saying nothing, his battered old hat tipped slightly over his eyes, the clay pipe never, except it needs refilling, taken from his mouth. Very likely the noise of the organ in church or the rise and fall of Presbyterians singing psalms is quite audible, but he does not listen, and I doubt if the golden hours that ceaselessly trip past bring to his vacant mind a thought or idea. Should it be wet they gather together in the house, and if afterwards somebody's poultry gets stolen or the stable of an enemy is set on fire, village gossip is not slow to trace the plot to that meeting. For if there are thieves or incendiaries in the village it is in that class they are to be found.

Many extraordinary stories are told of their death beds, but they are not very trustworthy. The majority die as they have lived. "If I run deer, I run deer," is their fatalistic creed, and, as a matter of fact, what with weariness and old age, and sickness and pain,

there are very few who, when the time comes, have either fearful or rebellious thoughts about the change that looks so dreadful from distance. To show the stubborn recklessness with which some of these men confront the last great enemy, it may be worth while to tell the true fact of a case that has got previously into print in a mutilated form. I can vouch for the truth of every detail. Harry Trotter was a horse copier in a little border village, and had known all his life for a hard striker, a deep drinker, a warm friend, an unforgiving, malignant enemy. His time came at last, however, and Harry lay down on the chaff bed from which he had never to rise again.

The Presbyterian minister of the village was a good and pious man, who was deeply grieved with the ways of the little heathen colony in his midst, and though Harry never had darkened the door of the meeting-house he determined to go up and offer him some consolation. He was received more frankly than he had expected and Harry offered no objections to the visit. It was the preacher who furnished us with an account of the interview that followed. "Well, Henry, I suppose you know you are dying?" began the minister, after some kindly preliminaries. "Aye, I ken," surly quoth the sick man. "And I hope you are prepared for the awful change?" went on his visitor. "What's that?" queried Harry. "Well, are you at peace with all men?" "Sartainly." "Have you forgiven your enemies?" "Sartainly." "Then, Henry, you must do still more than that—you must pray for them." Here the dying man, who was breathing heavily, grew uneasy and perplexed. "What, pray for Jack Tod—he lamed my dog?" he feebly inquired. "Yes," went on the good priest. "You must pray even for John." Harry was growing weaker every moment. It was some time before he replied, but when he did it was with unexpected energy. "I pray, then," he cried, "that the — may go to hell." And with that he turned his face to the wall, nor spoke again till he died.

Very different from this was the departure of old Isaac Hall. He was taken with heart disease, that gradually reduced his strength, and as he grew weaker and weaker it happened that I was nearly the only person he would go to. Going back and forward to the old place I had got into the habit of carrying snuff or tobacco to him and sitting on his old broken three-legged table and listening to his yarns about old things and old ways. It was a difficult matter to get him to see the doctor, who, as it chanced, was a companion of mine, and on no account whatever would he take to bed. As to parsons, he never had admitted one to his presence except the afore-mentioned curate, and he having left the district the old parson would suffer no other to make his acquaintance. On the last morning of his life I went down to the cottage about 10 o'clock. Isaac had managed to get up and crawl to his chair by the fireside. An empty basin showed that he had consumed the food made for him by a kindly neighbour. The doctor came in just behind me. "This is about the last on t'," remarked his patient with a wan and feeble smile. After one or two questions, the physician informed him as gently as he could that probably before the sun that now was shining at the window could wear round to the table he would have passed into the long sleep. "Um," said the old man, but he did not abate a jot of his cheerfulness. "I'd like a draw f'rash," he said, and produced the black crutch from his pocket and asked me to fill it. The doctor gave a signal that meant "Humour him; it doesn't make a bit of difference," and I took out my own pouch, thinking something lighter than his own would be the best. But he rejected it firmly. "Ish roll he had smok'd all his life and Irish rollie would end with, and he fumbl'd with his pocket till I come home the tin box, by the by, is the lid of which he was used to cut off exactly a pipeful. When he had done that he handed the box to me. "You'll keep that," he said "to mind you of old Isaac." The doctor lit the pipe and handed it to him, and as he tried to get one or two puffs with his rapidly failing breath asked if he wouldn't like to live his time over again. "No," answered Isaac. "The churchwardens have the right about since then to demand a tithe of his horse's earnings." Isaac was about done since then railway started and Black Jock (that was the name of his horse) was as hard up as I am. I s'pose he'll be for the knackers now."

"Would you not like to be strong and young again, like you were when you fought the pilgrim at the Blue Bell?" "Aye, aye," returned he, while a pleasant gleam came in his face, "I gave you a fine job to cure him. That wasn't the only time when I made broken bones for you to set. But it was a cursed hard winter," he went on, "and many's the hungry belly I had. No, no, I don't want my time back again." Then he quietly laid his pipe on its old stone by the fire, and muttered. "The cartin' trade's fair done. I think I'll have a bit sleep," dropped off into a doze from which he never awoke. It was thus the pagans of village, and farm, and homestead lived, thus they died, but even those who derived amusement from the ways of men will hardly regret that the spread of education and other civilising influences are gradually removing them from the country. Pagans of a new kind will doubtless succeed them, but they cannot be quite as heathenish as he.

A DRUNKEN DRIVER.

George Gray, 20, carman, of Weston-street, King's Cross, was charged before Mr. Bros with being drunk whilst having the care of a pair of horses and a van in High-street, Stoke Newington, and John Matthews, 34, porter, of Wharf-road, King's Cross, was charged with being drunk in the aforesaid van.—Constable Sanger, of the N Division, said at ten minutes to 1 on Tuesday morning he saw the prisoner Gray driving a four-wheel van on the wrong side of the road. The result of this was a violent collision with a royal mail van, and the latter being disabled, the mails were delayed quite an hour.—The prisoner Gray now said the reason for his being on the wrong side of the road was that the pole of his van came out of the socket.—The Constable: "The pole came out of the socket as a result of the collision."—Mr. Bros told Gray that he had the Post Office authorities to proceed against him for the damage done. "He (the magistrate) should only deal with the drunkenness—and it would be in charge of horses—and he would be fined 20s., or seven days.—Matthews

was discharged.

NATURAL HISTORY.

F.—It is a water tortoise. Lives on animal life such as small earthworms, slugs, bloodworms, or small pieces of raw meat. It should have access to water—no matter how little, provided it can get into it. In winter it will hibernate, and should be allowed to hibernate. During hibernation it will require no food.

KALULE.—Excuse me if the name is wrong. See answer to "F. T." above. How do you feed your dog? Dogs have enough meat.

J. J. M.—Perhaps the thrush's claws want to be cut. We can suggest nothing else.

MOSSE.—Give the thrush German paste, or oatmeal in milk, or bear meat and bread. Worms or small insects should also be given.

W.—The white and black bird is the tropic bird; the other bird seems to be a hornbill. It is difficult, though, to identify by mere sight without particulars.

BENHAN.—BLAKLAND.—We never answer by post. We believe that it is published by Upton's, of the Strand, but we do not know his address.

W.—The white and black bird is the tropic bird; the other bird seems to be a hornbill. It is difficult, though, to identify by mere sight without particulars.

J. J. M.—We find that our own trees never need food in the winter, and we

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Though every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of replies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for accidental errors. Quotations required to be inserted in the margin of a letter should be written in ink. Extracts, &c., not accompanied by a stamp, will be returned. Payment is required for contributions that must be marked, the amount being either specified or left to the discretion of the editor. All correspondence should be sent to "Editor, 'The People,'" "Micromania," or otherwise, in accordance with their specific directions, in order to facilitate classification.

LEGAL.

G. J. SALES.—Only from his employer; who else could there be?

FAITH.—The marriage holds good.

F. C. P.—You can get very great risk of prosecution for conspiring to defraud.

DARROUTH.—The mother can receive the letters.

VERITAS.—They must see him if it is an ordinary debt, unless the deposit was made expressly to cover the cost of the removal.

SHOFMAN.—As it was not a full week's notice, we can only give him a week.

E. W. ELLIOTT.—The man can get a week.

H. M. GOLDFARB.—The dog does not get enough exercise. We have not space enough to answer all you ask. You had better get some book on keeping dogs.

J. T.—Your insect belongs to the order of the heteroptera, to which the common bug belongs.

H. H. HAMILTON.—We can get a week.

P. H. H.—The man can get a week.

E. W. ELLIOTT.—They can serve it anywhere.

DARNESS.—I can't see them which overhang the wall on your side. Only 2. Only

overhang the wall on your side, and keeping very quiet and out of sight.

J. E. WILDE.—We can't see that we did not receive your insect; both envelope and pill-box were broken and empty.

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
THE DUCHESS OF
POWYSLAND.
BY
GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHAT THE WORLD SAID.

Linda listened as in a dream. His words fell dead upon her. Now all was over, a strange reverie set in. Wearyed out with watching she allowed herself to be led to her own room, and let her maid put her to bed like an over-worn child, with passive resistance. She was dazed with the horror and incomprehensibility of the situation. Her very senses seemed to fail her. She sat at once upon her pillow, in a sort of drowsy unconscious listlessness, and in a few minutes, strange to say, she was sleeping heavily.

The barley-water she had supped in Bertie's room to moisten her parched tongue must have made her drowsy.

When she woke up, it was broad daylight; there were noises in the house of much stir and commotion. She awoke with a start, hardly realising just at first the full extent of her misfortune. What had happened? Let her think! She was conscious only of a dull aching sense of loss and misery. Something had gone from her life. Something vague and dim. Then she remembered, with a shudder, it was Bertie—and more than Bertie.

She rose hurriedly, and putting on her dressing-gown moved over to the window and looked out through the blind. She hardly knew why; perhaps it was more want of fresh air that prompted her; but something made her stand there a minute with her hand hard pressed on her throbbing forehead. As she stood gazing idly, two men, as skulking as before, passed one another opposite, with just the same mute look of mutual recognition in their eyes as that she had noticed in the private detectives'. They were not the same two men, however; their faces and dress were totally different, but she remarked at once an extraordinary similarity of type, and build, and walk, and manner about them. Like all detectives, in fact, they were obtrusively unobtrusive in appearance and style. They seemed to proclaim aloud to all the world that they desired nobody to take the slightest notice of their presence.

Many other people were lounging around the street; in fact a little crowd had gathered near the door, discussing the duke's death and its attendant circumstances. But these two were quite different in bearing from all the other loungers; they wore the unmistakable impress of men who lounge for professional purposes. It was their trade to hang about loose and keep a careless eye on people and things without seeming to observe them. The sickening truth came home to Linda's mind at once. They were watching the house; they were spies—police agents—closely noting the movements of all the inmates.

Her heart sank within her; yet, even so, she hardly admitted to herself the full truth about the situation.

Moving dreamily back, she rang the bell for her maid, and dressed mechanically. The maid preserved a most unwilling silence; scarcely a word was spoken while she combed out her mistress' hair. A deadly stillness prevailed in the room, made more oppressive by the gloom of the blinds drawn down out of respect to the dead. Linda felt she could hardly bear up against this blow of fate. But for very womanhood's sake, she bore up and steadied herself.

As soon as she was dressed, some strange impulse led her afresh to the opposite window, that looked out upon the gardens at the back of the house—the window of her boudoir where she fancied last night she saw a draped figure pass, crouching and ghost-like, just before she burst wildly into Bertie's bed-room. Gazing out of it, two men once more riveted her attention in the garden behind. They were dressed like gentlemen, and they walked up and down on the path as if the gardens belonged to them. But they were not inhabitants of the houses around; the same stamp was upon them in an unmistakable way as on the men in front. She knew they, too, were a couple of police detectives.

The house was being watched, then, both front and back. The police were taking note of every man, woman, or child who either entered or left it.

She flung herself on her couch in silent horror and agony.

The day wore away in the same weary, dreary, desolate way as days always do wear away when there's death in a house. There were the same tedious, distasteful details to look to; the same ill-timed questions of dress and mourning; the same hateful necessity for eating and drinking. Nobody came near her to lighten her sorrow. Linda bore up through it all alone, save for the servants; and even the very servants seemed to shun and mistrust her.

At last, after lunch, a newspaper boy, running haphazard down the street, broke the awful silence of the room by bawling, in a half-mad, half-shout, "Evening Standard, Special Edition! Mysterious death of the Duke of Powysland! The Doctor's Account! Curious Conduct of her Grace the Duchess! Supposed Murder of the Duke of Powysland. The year, Evening Standard, Special Edition!"

Linda clasped her hands to her ears agnath with horror, and rang the bell instantaneously in the fierce fury of her excitement. She must know the word.

A butler answered it. "Go out and get me that paper," she cried, in a voice chilly with rage. The paper the boy's crying. The Evening Standard, he called out something dreadful about the duke. I must see it immediately."

The man hesitated. "I beg your grace's pardon," he said, with obvious reluctance either to obey or to refuse. "But I don't think . . . I fancy your grace would rather not see what's printed in the paper."

"Have you seen them, George?" Linda cried, turning round upon him point blank.

"Yes," your grace," the man faltered out, uncertain how to reply under these embarrassing circumstances.

"And what do they say?" Linda exclaimed, growing pale, and clutching at the nearest chair to support herself.

"I think, perhaps," the man responded cautiously, thus driven to her own pocket. On the return of the

"I'd better go out and get one for your grace. Then your grace can see for yourself what it is they're saying about it."

Linda staggered back to the sofa in breathless dismay. This was too, too terrible. She wondered what those scandal-mongers could have made out of her conduct. Even yet she had no idea of the full strength of the case against her. She sat waiting for the paper with bloodless hands clasped in front of her in agony. It seemed an age before the man came back, but at last he arrived, bringing the paper with him.

Linda tore the sheet open and turned to the middle page. There it was, sure enough, in sober earnest, displayed in the very biggest lead type: "A Belgravian Mystery. Death of the Duke of Powysland. Suspicious Circumstances. An Inquest to be Held. Attitude of the Duchess. Rumours of Poison."

It made her blood run cold, but she never flinched externally. Her eye glanced rapidly down the column, taking it in at first but vaguely, and then slowly assimilating the full meaning piecemeal. And this is how the paper described the events that had lately been happening to the House of Montgomery—

"We regret to have to announce the death of the Duke of Powysland, which took place at an early hour this morning at his grace's temporary residence in Onslow Gardens. The duke, as we have already informed our readers, returned from Norway a few days since with the virus of typhoid fever thoroughly imbedded in his system. He has been attended throughout his illness by Sir Frederick Weston, the eminent specialist on typhus and the allied symptomatic complaints; and up to Tuesday last Sir Frederick had formed a most favourable opinion of his patient's condition. On that day, however, a change for the worse unexpectedly occurred; symptoms of curious lethargic character set in by degrees, and the noble patient's state became gradually such as to arouse grave suspicion in Sir Frederick's mind of some serious form of narcotic poisoning. Nothing is yet known with certainty as to the facts of the case, but rumours of a very disquieting nature have been flying about town and the clubs this morning. It is even stated in some well-informed quarters that an inquest will be held, at which facts of a most startling and sensational character are expected to be made public. London is promised an unusual excitement."

So much was in large type. Then came a paragraph of less absorbing interest, beginning:—"The deceased nobleman, Adalbert Owen Trefaldwyn Montgomery, ninth Duke of Powysland, who has thus just been removed by death in the prime of life, was the second son of Leopold Augustus, eighth duke, by his wife Amelia, only daughter of Sir Leoline Watkins, the well-known head of the distinguished brewing firm of Watkins, Brown, Traies, and Walbury." And so forth.

At first, to be sure, the few compassionate souls who took Linda's part—either because she was a woman, or because she was a duchess, or because she was young and beautiful, or because (though this was the rarest class of all) they hated to hear any case prejudiced on insufficient evidence—objected with apparent truth that no adequate motive could be shown for so terrible a crime against the supposed criminal's own newly-wedded husband. But cynics replied, with an ugly smile, that nobody could ever guess anybody else's motives—not gauge, a vile dictionary blunder!—that each of us knew his own secret.

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For the next ten days London spoke,

wrote, thought, and dreamt about

nothing else on earth but what the newspapers called the Belgravian mystery. Since Pigott's flight, indeed, no sensation had so universally enthralled attention. It was the common talk of clubs and tea-tables how the Duke of Powysland had been poisoned in his food and medicine," the foreman said impressively, "and we bring in a verdict of wilful murder against Linda, Duchess of Powysland."

Poor, weary soul! she thought she had sufficiently nerve herself up in anticipation for those terrible words, but when they actually came she almost fainted. She was standing to hear them, but as the foreman finished she sank back in her seat and closed her eyes swimmingly. All the room was round in a whirling mass. She hardly caught the terms in which, with grave decorum, the coroner handed over her grace the duchess to the custody of the police on the jury's finding of wilful murder.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XL.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

There was much more to the same general effect, but Linda had no eyes left to read it. Her sight failed her. One of the most sensational trials of recent years! That was all the paper had to say about this atrocious attempt to make the world believe she had deliberately planned to poison Bertie!

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OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

M. Gounod has done himself great credit by the protests he has made against the ferocious opposition offered by some of his fellow-countrymen to the production of Wagner's "Lohengrin" (in the French language), at the Grand Opera, Paris. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, nor can I forget how contemptibly he behaved in issuing his insults on the French when Paris was held by the German Army, but M. Gounod shines by contrast with the brutal insultor of his fellow-countrymen.

As a rule, I regret to say, musicians, including some of our foremost English musicians, are too apt to run down their brethren in art. I have tested many of them by asking their opinions of eminent rivals. Their answers have generally commended with praise of undeniable merits, but have been followed by severe criticisms of unimportant defects.

Sir George Grove has made many valuable suggestions, but I cannot admire the suggestion made by him in a letter to the *Times* recommending a photo-lithographic publication of Beethoven's symphonies—a waste of money which might be better spent. His influence might be better employed in insisting on correct renderings of the three notes with which the 5th Symphony opens, which are always played as a triplet, in defiance of Beethoven.

What an absurdity it is that, in compliance with military routine, Mr. Dan Godfrey, the admirable bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, should be compelled to retire from a post which he might honourably and ably fill for at least ten years to come. I doubt if an equally excellent conductor can be found to take his place.

There seem to be misunderstandings as to the arrangements made by Senor Lago for his ensuing Italian Opera season at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Some of my brother critics appear to think that Mascagni's renowned opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" ("Rural Chivalry"), will be the only entertainment on the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays during the six weeks' season. On these occasions Mascagni's one-act opera will be followed by comic opera.

Having been favoured with a pianoforte score of "Cavalleria Rusticana," I venture to say that it is a strikingly original and beautiful work. It ends tragically, but contains many bright and piquant solos and choruses, which afford contrasts to the more gloomy passages. The concerted music is admirably written, and I have little doubt that this remarkable work will draw large audiences.

The band engaged for the season at Bournemouth, where I am enjoying the hospitality of a genial friend, is remarkably good, combining strings with wind instruments, and performing overtures and classical selections excellently.

The average daily receipts of the Bayreuth Festival were nearly £1,300, or almost £40,000 in all. Next year the Bayreuth repertory will be limited to "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," and also "Parsifal," which I have heard twice, and do not particularly wish to hear again. It contains fine passages, but many dreary dialogue.

The Royal Choral Society's programme for the ensuing season includes Dvorak's "Slavonic Mater" and Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Eden," both of which are included in the programme of this year's Birmingham Festival. The remainder of the programme includes Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and "St. Paul," Gounod's "Redemption," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and other familiar works. Mozart's "Requiem" will be performed on the anniversary of his death, December 5th, 1791.

OLLA PODRIDDA.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company have been so fortunate as to secure Mlle. Ella Russell as their leading prima donna for next year. Sir Charles Hallé's orchestral concerts at Manchester will commence on October 29th. Manchester is a very musical city. Mr. Lane's Wednesday concert commenced last Wednesday evening. Mr. T. A. Barrett's Saturday concerts have commenced. Bravo! Manchester.—Dvorak has been tempted by liberal offers to accept the post of director of the National Conservatoire of America.—M.M. Harrison has engaged a large number of eminent artists for their concerts at Birmingham, commencing October 26th, with a concert at which Madame Adelina Patti will sing.—Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," with a German text, was recently performed at Berlin with great success.—The celebrated Russian pianist and composer, Rubinstein, has given a concert recently at Tidis where he played Beethoven's sonata, Opus III., and selections from Schumann and other composers. The report that he is about to retire from the public platform appears to be premature, but it is understood that he will not play in public after the end of next year.—The Crystal Palace Saturday concert season will open this (Saturday) afternoon.—The eleventh annual concert season of the Blackheath Conservatoire of Music will open on Tuesday, October 27th, when Paderewski will be the solo pianoforte player and Madame Valda the chief vocalist.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

Mr. E. Crow sends a very interesting note. Rambling across Hoxton Common on August 4th, he caught a pair of slow-worms, which he brought home and put in a glass-house. Happening to look in at them on Friday, September 25th, in the middle of the day, he saw a young one and two eggs. Looking in again at 3 o'clock he saw the mother break the eggs and two young ones come out. Twelve were born altogether, eight of which are alive now, the other four having been devoured in their drinking-vessel.

This interests me for several reasons. First of all, it draws attention to the fact that, though slow-worms are usually believed to bring their young alive into the world they frequently, at all events, in captivity, lay eggs. This has been noted by other observers. But I wish my correspondent had said more about the breaking of the eggs. How did the mother break them? Did she seem to do it deliberately? for this strikes me as the most interesting part of the story. I never heard of any one's having noticed it before. It would tend to show that the mother was accustomed to having eggs to open. By the way, how were the other young slow-worms produced? From eggs or not?

Bell, in his well-known book on "British Reptiles," gives June or July as the time of the birth of young slow-worms, but, as in this case, I have known of it occurring later. The thought strikes me that perhaps there are two broods in the year; the first might be born alive and the second in eggs. As a matter of fact all young slow-worms are really produced in eggs; only, as a rule, these eggs are hatched, and the reptiles leave them before they are born into the world. The eggs, in fact, are hatched inside the mother's body. Now, it might be that later in the year the young slow-worms are not matured as rapidly as before, and therefore are hatched still in

the egg. As to feeding them, I should advise Mr. Crow to put in as many white slugs, large and small, as he can get. I believe that the young ones derive much nourishment from licking the juice that exudes from the slugs which their parents are eating. He has enough singing parts, not one of which is quite adequately rendered. In one case the lady has next to no voice, in another the voice has lost its freshness, and in yet another the voice is still more worn, producing notes which are scarcely distinguishable from a screech. Now, this is not as it should be. There are plenty of clever young singers who would be glad of a chance in burlesque if it were but offered to them. Of course it is a painful thing to have to dethrone artists who, though popular, have seen their best singing days; but there is really a limit to endurance.

"R. H." tells of the very capricious behaviour of a cat. Staying with a friend, he saw a she-cat comfortably and kindly nursing a little black kitten in a way related to her. This kitten was about seven weeks old. The next day Pussy had a kitten, which was drowned. In her disappointment and uneasiness, she became spiteful and unkind to the black one, who had rather a hard time of it for awhile. But two days afterwards Pussy had another kitten which shared the fate of its elder brother. Hereupon the old cat became affectionate again to the poor black one, with no apparent reason, and now treats it as if it were her own.

I have received from "A Constant Reader" (I do not know if he minds his real name being given), who is most indefatigable and kind in his assistance, some interesting newspaper cuttings. One tells of a very peculiar game of cricket which was played in 1827 on Harfield Common, near Rixmansworth. Two gentlemen of Middlesex were matched against a Harfield farmer and his sheep-dog. The farmer had two innings—one for himself and one for his dog—and, of course, did all the bowling on his side, the dog's energies being confined to fielding. It was, practically, a trial of fielding between a man and a dog. The two gentlemen went in first and made three runs, the dog's smartness in running after the ball and bringing it back to his master preventing them scoring more. The farmer then made three runs for himself and two for his dog. The two gentlemen then went in again, and were once more dismissed for three. The farmer, on going to the wicket, scored two for himself, not out, and thus won with two wickets standing. The match was watched by large crowds, and I expect that the victory of the man and dog was popular.

My readers probably know that the Zoo has lost another of its large apes. George, the orang-outang, has followed Sally, the chimpanzee. With reference to this a correspondent writes to a morning paper attributing the demise of the apes to their being allowed alcohol. He says:

"Whether this was permitted or enjoined or done out of bravado I did not inquire. There is no need to inquire why the ape drank it; simply because he liked it. If the chimp was in the habit of giving Sally beer, I think it very likely that this lengthened her life. For these creatures seldom live long in our unkind climate. This one has survived ever so much longer than others of the same kindred. Is it not fair to assume, therefore, that the alcohol, if it had any, was instrumental in this?"

I believe that all monkeys and apes in England are much better off if they have some alcohol. It gives them the internal warmth which they lack here, and strengthens them against the winter. We know that it is often very beneficial, and even necessary, to the health of human beings. In the same way I think it is most salutary to monkeys, who are always rather delicate in England. My Jackie has his claret every evening at dinner, and doesn't he enjoy it? He prefers sherry, when he can get it, and he is by no means adverse to beer, though he does not care for it as much as for the others. He seems extremely well and jolly, though I suppose he ought to be slowly dying under this treatment. But fact is worth more than theory, and the fact is that the wine does him no harm and a great deal of good.

THE ACTOR.

As I left the Opera Comique the other evening I was invited by a bystander to accept a leaflet, which I found to be the latest manifesto of the association—if such it can be called—for the suppression of theatrical "fees." This earnest and enthusiastic body of playgoers no doubt doing good service by this active propagation of their views. They have, indeed, both sense and expedition on their side—I do not say "right," because a manager is justified in charging for everything if he thinks proper to do so. It is for the public to say whether it will pay his charges.

There can be no question that the abolition of fees means a considerable loss of income to a manager, and it is, therefore, only the most "solid" management which can afford to do without fees, which help to pay for the attendants as well as augmenting the ordinary profits of the establishment. There is, in regard to programmes, a substantial revenue from advertisements, which usually much more than defray the cost of printing. I have often wondered why managers go to so much expense in the way of programmes. The public—especially in the higher priced seats—will be quite satisfied with less ornate and bulky articles. Details about "the necessary business of the play" would go into small space.

Were elaborate programmes to be the vogue, why not devote some of the space to readable matter which would win away the time between the acts? The thing has been done in the past. Why is it not more widely spread? This is generally in connection with every theatre literary "gent" who would have no difficulty in compiling such matter as I mean. In the case of revivals of the latter turned the scale at 2lb. 11oz., the five heaviest weighing 10lb. 3oz. in all; their total weight being 30lb. The five roach weighed 1lb. I hope to drop in at this society before long.

Mr. A. E. Armstrong, of Chertsey, sends me a very satisfactory explanation. I felt sure he would do, on the closing of the Abbey stream to the general angler, to which I may revert later on. It is not under the watchful eye of the Chertsey Angling Association I am pleased to report that this association, represented by Mr. F. Armstrong, and with the assistance of Mr. F. J. F. Capes, solicitor of Ottershaw, placed no less than 10,000 fish—rudd, carp, roach, dace, and perch—in the Thames at Chertsey Bridge on Tuesday night. These were taken from the lake of Mr. W. C. Gosling of Batley Park, Chertsey, and form a gift which merits the warmest thanks of all Thame anglers.

Extra exits are good things in theatres, but they are not unmixed blessings. I sat the other evening at the "prompt" end of stall D at the Gaiety, and I shall take very good care not to sit there again until something is done to counteract the horrible draught from which I suffered on that occasion. There is an exit in direct line with the stall door, and whenever that door was opened, which was frequently, a perfect blast assailed me, giving me a cold in the head from which I still suffer. Why is it that the ingenuity of architects and managers seems unable to cope with draughts? A remarkable arrangement of curtains would soon get rid of the nuisance.

It is high time, I think, that playgoers and critics insisted upon a rather higher standard of vocalism in burlesque. In an extravaganza which I will not in the meantime name, there are several feminine

singing parts, not one of which is quite adequately rendered. In one case the lady has next to no voice, in another the voice has lost its freshness, and in yet another the voice is still more worn, producing notes which are scarcely distinguishable from a screech. Now, this is not as it should be. There are plenty of clever young singers who would be glad of a chance in burlesque if it were but offered to them. Of course it is a painful thing to have to dethrone artists who, though popular, have seen their best singing days; but there is really a limit to endurance.

It is singular, it is not, how things get into the papers? Within forty-eight hours after Mr. Hall had accepted Lord Teignmouth's terms for his new play the fact had got into print. Within the same period of time I was in possession of full details, though under pledge of secrecy as to most of them. Nothing, perhaps, is more tantalising than to be choke-full of information and yet not in a position to impart it. It is clear, however, that private arrangements between a dramatist and manager ought not to be made public property until the persons most concerned approve of it.

I am pleased to hear that Mr. Edward Carpenter is about to give some matinees of old English comedies. He has done much, during the last ten years, to keep those comedies alive in the provincial towns, and a similar vivifying work is quite necessary in London. Not only has Mr. Carpenter himself an excellent comedy gift, but he is the repository of most of the traditions of old comedy acting, and he has in Mr. Lewis Ball a comedian emphatically of the old school, who, in the stage-management of the old comedies, must be invaluable.

OLD IZAAK.

Good news still comes from the Thames district and some heavy bags have recently been made. Thanks to the various preservative mixtures, and especially to the T.A.P.S., there can be no doubt that fish are not only more numerous in our good old river, but are taken of a better size in many cases than a long time past. At Twickenham, Mr. J. K. Bohling of the Brentford Pictorial Society, fishing in the deep, landed a handsome carp of 5lb. 2oz., which is almost needless to say, the taxidermist is expected to make beautiful for ever. It was taken on roach tackle, fine drawn gut and No. 10 hook. Mr. Stollery had a day's take of thirty-three barbel, and Mr. Tarrant has brought to bank twenty dozen roach and dace, and fourteen barbel. One punt in five days got 10lb. of roach and dace, one bream and two barbel.

At Teddington jack are on the move, and Mr. Simbinde, who was so successful there last season, has taken one of 11lb. Mr. Veal had one of 10lb., and a 10-lb. pounder has come to grief at Sunbury. At Staines, John Keene, junior, one day, with Mr. Newbury, of the New Albion Pictorial, took 25lb. of chub, barbel, and dace, and another day, with Mr. Waterer and his brother, 50lb. weight of barbel, and four dozen roach and dace.

The Lea is in fair fishing condition, although no great takes have been noted. A perch of 11lb. has been landed at Walthamstow which they let here, and strengthens them against the winter. We know that it is often very beneficial, and even necessary, to the health of human beings. In the same way I think it is most salutary to monkeys, who are always rather delicate in England. My Jackie has his claret every evening at dinner, and doesn't he enjoy it? He prefers sherry, when he can get it, and he is by no means adverse to beer, though he does not care for it as much as for the others. He seems extremely well and jolly, though I suppose he ought to be slowly dying under this treatment. But fact is worth more than theory, and the fact is that the wine does him no harm and a great deal of good.

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"Old Izaak" has to congratulate Mr. Coleman, of the Globe Angling Society, meeting at the George, Fonthill-road, Finsbury Park, on a remarkably fine take of roach, nine fish scaling 15lb. 1oz. in all. Of these, two fish weighed 2lb. 1oz. each, and another 1lb. 15oz. These weights are so exceptional, that the Globe will not soon produce their equal again.

Just a reminder to delegates that the monthly meeting of the Central Association of London Angling Clubs, take place at their headquarters, the Bedford Hotel, Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, W.C., tomorrow, Monday, October 5th, at 8.30 p.m., when their attendance is requested.

Mr. Harry Dunn's paper on "Barbel fishing," read before the Caxton Anglers on Monday last, brought together a crowded and representative meeting, for anglers came from all quarters of the compass to hear the reading, and were well repaid for doing so. It was what a paper of the kind ought to be, a plain account of personal experience, interspersed with sundry practical wrinkles as to bait, hook, line and rod, all of which the angler who would make a good barbel fisher, must take into account. Mr. Dunn advocates dressing lines with the best unlined linsed oil, a rather slow process, but a very good one which Mr. Evans, of the Westgate Park Pictorial, though improved by the addition of a very small quantity of turpentine. The names of Messrs. Shrubsole, Sims, Evans, and Kelly, were added to the Caxton roll of honour, after which "Old Izaak" was heartily thanked for presiding.

There is no question that smoking, even in moderation, does disagree with some constitutions, I know of instances in which the practice has either shaken the nerves, impaired digestion, injured the eyesight, or produced sleeplessness. Smokers should closely watch, therefore, whether any of such symptoms develop themselves, and in that case they will be wise to give up smoking, which characterises the winter months, owing to its origin in incitation during autumn.

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In some parts of London the Salvationists make a practice of processioning past churches and chapels on Sunday mornings just before morning service. Whether this is done in defiance or on the chance of drawing away some members of the congregations does not rest with me to determine. But the procession is certainly an execrable taste, to say the least of it; what an undignified and uncharitable presentation is presented to scoffers as they remark the unseemly rivalry.

MADAME.

Have you observed the new bordered stuffs? They are just getting into wear and will be a prominent feature in dress fabrics later on. Some of them show designs that are such admirable imitations of braiding and embroidery it is difficult to tell whether they are done by hand or not. Amongst the newest, astrachan and marabout feather trimming are marvellously copied. And in simpler style a handsome but coloured stuff was shown me bordered with narrow lines of rather long hair black silk woven into the material, that looked very well.

These borderings are used in various ways. Sometimes the back of the skirt is entirely of the plain stuff, while the front breadth is arranged as a tabler trimmed at the foot and up the sides with a border. The fancy borders can also be used effectively on the bodice as vests, cuffs, or pocket flaps. Long added basques also look well, edged with a bordering to match at the foot of the dress.

Most becoming autumn costumes are being made up with jacket or cape on suit, and for this purpose the bordered materials are greatly used and have the advantage of not

requiring any other trimming. I looked at a very elegant costume in this style. It was of a thick woolen stuff, a dark shade of slate grey. The border was composed of four graduated bands of soft fluffy texture woven into the plain smooth fabric. Each band was of a different shade of grey, and toned well with the ground colour. The plain skirt had the border all round the hem, the tight-fitting jacket had added basques of the bordering, while the same pattern ornamented the wrists and neck band. The outdoor cape reached to below the knee, and was gathered to a yoke made of the border pattern; the bordering went round the edge of the cape and up the two fronts and trimmed the high collar. The hat to accompany the costume was the Tyrolean shape, in grey felt of the lightest colour in the border. It was trimmed with a broad band and bow of crimson velvet.

If you want the perfection of an economical as well as stylish dress for dining out or theatre going, as all women know, you cannot do better than have a velvetine. Nothing wears so well or is more becoming, especially to those who have passed their first youth. Velvetine has the gift of softening angles, smoothing wrinkles, and blending with flesh tones, no matter what colour you employ, and exquisite beyond words are the colours, shades, and tints which the manufacturers now give us in this fabric. Blues from the deepest purple to the faintest amethyst, greens from the faintest emerald to the deepest emerald, pink from pale salmon to the blushing rose, yellow from pale primrose to the deepest saffron, orange from pale peach to the deepest orange, red from pale carnation to the deepest scarlet, purple from pale lavender to the deepest violet, and so on.

The rest of the journey home does not need detailed description, as the same route was pursued as on the out-journey. Some parts of the road between Blackwater and Egham were very heavy, owing to a deluge of rain during the night, and this necessarily dimmed speed to some extent. Nevertheless, the wigwam was reached at a few minutes after 5 p.m., and as halts had occupied an hour, the average pace was a bit over eight miles an hour. But there was a greater difference than this between the two days' runs. On the Sunday both of us, on arrival, that we should care to go much farther, whereas on the Monday we were as fresh as paint, without the slightest sense of weariness or stiffness, nor should we have minded putting in another twenty miles. This was due, of course, to the happy absence of a dead nose on the second day.

My main purpose in immuring this cutting is to emphasize the immense importance of being in condition. Quite recently a novice complained in one of the cycling papers that whenever he took a twenty miles' ride he felt quite played out and was terribly stiff for the next day or two. Just so; this gentleman merely lacked condition. Again, some medical men lay down the law that, although cycling may be all very well for young fellows, the exercise is too severe and trying for the middle-aged. How does this theory square with the fact that, although of average physique only, just in his sixtieth year, and taking a sedentary life all the year round, the writer worked off nearly 140 miles in two days on a tricycle, at a fair pace, and without turning a hair? Not only that, either, but he got rid of his neuralgia and set his torpid liver going again.

A second bodice went with the same skirt; it was a smocked blouse of cream silk, with long full sleeves; a very deep pointed Swiss belt of the blue velvetine, thickly studded with amber beads; and American beef as "prime Scotch." Go to,

JACK ALLROUND.

"I am told," says "Kathleen," "that it is a mistake to suppose pork and goose are the only sorts of meat apples go well with, and that they are excellent with sausages when made into a pie. Can you give me instructions for making an apple-sausage-pie?" I was asked by "H. V. A. J." for a recipe for pie, which he believes to be a "Devonshire dish composed of thin sausages and correspondents. There are slight variations in the making of squash pies, but the leading ingredients of all are the same, viz., mutton apples, sugar, salt, onions, and pease, and some put in a spoonful of mushroom-potash. It is a matter of taste, whether the dish is served, whether you eat it with sugar or salt. In making the pie, either the sausages or the end of a neck of mutton is used, the quantity depending on the size of the pie. Take say, the best end of a neck of mutton, cut it into chops, trim off the fat; pare, slice, and slice up as for a tart from six to a dozen apples, as these may be chop up a small salter. Into your pie dish first put a layer of apples with a little of the chopped onions and a good sprinkling of brown sugar, then a layer of the mutton sprinkled over lightly according to taste, with pepper and salt, next a layer of apples, onions, and sugar, and so on till you fill your dish. Cover it over with a crust and bake as an ordinary meat pie.

To make the crust, which "Kathleen" is specially anxious about, use just finely shredded, not chopped, in the proportion of three ounces of meat to every five ounces of flour required, allowing half a pint of water to every pound of flour; add a pinch of salt, and mix it into a smooth paste, then roll it out and beat it until you incorporate the flour and meat well together; then roll it out in the usual manner and lay it on the pie. It is wholesome and digestible, and particularly good when eaten hot. If you prefer a richer paste, add an ounce either of butter or lard to the above given proportions. If you like it, in place of a pie crust you may cover the pie with a good, thick, heaped-up layer of mashed potatoes.

Several letters have reached me from correspondents who say they have done all they could think of to rid rooms in their houses of bugs, and that nothing seems to answer. I have, from time to time, given several remedies from those most noxious of all our household pests, and am pleased to have received thanks from many correspondents who have been benefited. But there is no doubt when the vermin have taken firm hold of a room, and pervade the walls and floor as well as the bedding, there is nothing for it but a general clear-out such as "O. O. N." "A Tortured One," and "Hos" contemplate, and request from me a few hints as to how it should be done. In the first place, everything must be cleared out of the room, curtains, carpets, window blinds taken down, and cupboards, should such be in the room, must be absolutely cleared of their contents. The bed and bed-clothes should be taken into the open air and thoroughly beaten, the bedstead taken to pieces and thoroughly washed with hot water, and after that paraffin well brushed into all the crevices of the bedstead. The paper should be taken off the walls and immediately burned in the room, all the dust and dirt burned along with it; this burning is best performed in a charcoal brazier in the middle of the room. Then plug every hole and crevice with a poison paste made of soft soap and corrosive sublimate, after which wash the walls with a liquid composed of half a pound each of sal ammoniac and corrosive sublimate dissolved in four gallons of hot water. Of course, you must be careful in using corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison. All scraps of old carpet that have been in the room had better be burned. I have known of a case where the keeping of such re-established the enemy in the next room to the one that had been quite cleansed by the above severe remedy.

"W. F." writes—"I have a quantity of delicious ripe apples. Can you tell me how to make apple wine?" I presume the beverage asked for is not intended to be a regular wine. Cider may be called that wine of apples, but there is a drink greatly esteemed where good eating apples are which is called apple wine, and made in this way. Cut up one pound of apples into quarters. Add half a pound of sugar; then pour over them half a gallon of boiling water. Let it get cold, take out the apples, strain them, pour the fluid over the pulp, let it stand an hour, then strain. This makes a wholesome agreeable drink, very grateful to thirsty folk who do not use strong liquors.

I am asked by "J. H." for a good method of cleaning both old and new valuable lace. Many prefer to clean lace round a bottle, but this of course will only suit lace of certain breadth. My correspondent has not informed me of the breadth of her lace, but whether broad or narrow the best way, perhaps for cleaning white lace is to saw the lace carefully between two pieces of clean white flannel. Prepare a strong lather with white Castile soap in hot water, dissolve in the water a small quantity of borax in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a gallon of water. The lace should be soaked in this warm lather for some time, the flannels being drawn backwards and forwards several times. If the lace is very dirty you should change the lather once or twice at least. Then, with great care, unpick the folds of flannel, squeeze out the soapy water, and rinse in warm soft water, squeezing gently between the hands. Lace ought not to require stiffening, but merely ironing, when it should be laid between two pieces of flannel and ironed with a hot iron. If, however, you wish for some stiffness, do not use starch, but melt a little pure gum arabic and slightly dilute the rinsing water with it.

"We have a large quantity of damsons this year, and I am very anxious to attempt making some of them into damson cheese that will keep well through the winter. Can you help me, please, with a recipe?" writes "Dora." Coventry Cross" also asks for the recipe. Pick off the stalks and allow to every pound of fruit the two-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, boil as for jam until the damsons are quite tender, then rub them through a coarse sieve, and to every pound of the pulp allow another three-quarters of a pound of sugar, which ought to be powdered small this time. Some persons who like the cheese very sweet add a full pound of sugar to each pound of boiling, but that is a matter of taste. A few of the stones may be cracked, and the kernels added at the second boiling. This improves the flavour much, in my opinion, but this, too, is a matter of taste. The second boiling should be done very slowly, and stirring all the time. Then pour it into small pots or tiny moulds, so that they will look pretty when turned out. When cold, it ought to be quite firm, and if it is not you must boil it more. When cold, cover with brandy papers, and tie down with bladders.

"I have some oak furniture to stain, and want it the same colour that the Dutch or French give to their aged oak. I want a nice brown colour, but not polished, something good and lasting," says "J. H. P." What my correspondent would consider "a nice brown colour," I cannot say, but I am glad to give him and "Aspirant" some hints as to how oak is darkened. They should

experiment on loose pieces of the wood until they get what suits their individual taste. This is what I do when staining wood myself. Cabinet-makers in Germany very largely use strong coffee for darkening oak. To make it very dark they apply iron filings with a little sulphuric acid and water put on with a sponge, and allowed to dry before application until the right hue is attained. Another method of darkening not quickly to the tint it would naturally acquire by age is to lay on liquid ammonia with either a rag or brush. The colour at once deepens and does not fade. Another method for giving to new oak the appearance of old oak furniture is to whitewash the work, carvings and all, with fresh lime, and when dry brush off the lime with a hard brush and then dress it well with linseed oil. This process gives the mouldings and carvings the appearance of old work. The above will suit T. G."

"Edith Nelly" writes—"I have a peach tree not growing to the wall. It has a great number of peaches on it; they are full-sized, with proper bloom on them, but owing to the weather have no signs of yet getting ripe. Could you tell me of any way in which to preserve or make use of them?" Peaches make a very nice jam, and for this the fruit should not be quite ripe, but just in the condition of those described by "Edith Nelly." The ripe peach has no much juice that it seldom keeps well. Cut the peaches in quarters, and take off the skins and stones, put them in a pan with an equal weight of powdered loaf sugar, allow them to stand in the sugar all night, and boil them slowly next day until they become quite soft, and you find on testing a little by dropping it on a cold plate that it jellies well. Put it in the crocks, but do not cover it for a day or two, then lay brandied paper on the preserve, and cover like other jam.

Four correspondents desire to have a recipe for mixed pickles. The spices to go with one gallon of vinegar which "Thos. J." wishes to use are two ounces black pepper, two ounces long pepper pounded, three ounces mustard seed, four ounces flour of mustard, one ounce of cloves, two ounces of whole ginger pounded fine, cayenne pepper to taste. For the vegetables take a white cabbage cut up in slices, one pint of shallots, two onions, cut in quarters, half a pint of garlic, a handful or two of scraped horseradish, a cucumber cut up, a cauliflower broken in pieces, a few French beans, and a few radish pods, and plenty of capiacones if you can get them. Lay the vegetables in an earthenware pan, and put plenty of salt about and over them; you cannot put too much salt. Let them remain in the salt for three days, then strain and shake them, and lay them out on a clean linen cloth in the sun to dry. Next put them and your jar near the fire; then boil all the spices with the vinegar, and pour it boiling over the vegetables. Tie them up close, and in two months the pickles will be fit to use. Those who wish for a smaller quantity at a time can use half of each of the above ingredients.

"As we have them in great plenty and very fine just now, I wish to make some black-pepper wine, if you will kindly favour me with directions how to do so," writes "Mary." I am also asked for a recipe by "Neilia N." and "F. E. T." As my correspondents live in country parts hope they may easily obtain good honey as well as good fruit, as it is an essential ingredient in the following recipes, which I am told makes a very delicious wine. Take say forty-five quarts of ripe blackberries well picked, mix and press them with ten pounds of good honey and twenty-six pounds of strong bright moist sugar, boil this with twelve gallons of soft water, and the whites of twelve eggs well beaten until it is reduced to ten gallons, skimming it until it is perfectly clear. Then strain into a tub, and let it stand until next morning; then it should be poured clear off the lees, and boil it again for three quarters of an hour, adding the lees, filtered twice, and two ounces of isinglass dissolved in one quart of water. Skim well, and put in two ounces of pepper cloves and best ginger, all bruised and tied in a piece of muslin. Put into your cooler the thin rinds of six Sevilla oranges and one pint of lemon juice, strain the liquor upon them, stir well, and when cool enough work it with one pint of fresh yeast stirred well into a gallon of the liquor. Cover it up close and let it work for five or six days, taking off the top scum and stirring twice daily, then strain and filter into the cask put in the bung lightly, keep the cask well filled up, and when it has ceased fermenting let a day elapse. Then add two quarts of French brandy and an ounce and a half of isinglass dissolved in a little water, and mix with one gallon of the wine one ounce bitter almonds blanched and slit, and six ounces sugar candy broken small. Stop up the bung, paste white paper over it on coarse linen, and place plenty of sand over all wetted a little. Keep it for two years in a cool cellar, then bottle it, seal the cork and keep it in bottle for two years before using. It will improve with greater age.

MR. GLADSTONE ON SCOTTISH GOVERNMENT.

A letter from Mr. Gladstone, written from Faugier, Laurencekirk, was read at the fourth annual meeting of the Scottish Home Rule Association at Aberdeen, in which the right hon. gentleman said:—"Since I spoke at Aberdeen in 1870 the wants and convictions of Ireland have been made known to us in a manner at once most constitutional and emphatic by the voice of the representatives given in overwhelming proportion. With respect to Scotland, I continue to think the present arrangements and practice under them most unsatisfactory, and that she suffers by them both in common with England and on her own account. I also think that the Scottish people are as well entitled as the Irish to form and express their judgment as to the best mode of mending them, and I leave the firmest conviction that both as to the time of making their demands and as to the form and character of those demands they will proceed with all the aids that redress and experience can supply, and with that wise combination of firmness and circumspection for which they have commonly been distinguished in the management of public affairs."

THE HARLESDEN CRUELTY CASE.

Information was received on Wednesday of the death from exhaustion of Beatrice Weston, aged 8 months, the illegitimate daughter of Esther Weston, a laundress of 12, Mayrill-terrace, Willenhall. The mother of the deceased, together with a man named Dunphy, with whom she had been cohabiting, was charged at the Harlesden Petty Sessions. They then set fire to the place at different points and departed. They next proceeded towards Luton, but the approach of the pirates had been signalled, and the whole neighbourhood had hurriedly organised such a determined resistance that the pirates were foiled in their pillaging scheme, and successfully beaten off. Their next point of attack was Hainds; but the result was disastrous for the pirates, who, after a desperate encounter, fled to the mountains, but left forty-seven dead comrades on the scene of conflict. Another piratical band is stated to be finally secured. He is so seriously injured that he is not expected to live.

"I have some oak furniture to stain, and want it the same colour that the Dutch or French give to their aged oak. I want a nice brown colour, but not polished, something good and lasting," says "J. H. P." What my correspondent would consider "a nice brown colour," I cannot say, but I am glad to give him and "Aspirant" some hints as to how oak is darkened. They should

SERIOUS CHARGE OF BLACK-MAILING A LADY.

At the Westminster Police Court, Charles Granda, 32, described as of Kensington-road, a tall man, of striking appearance, described as an engineer, was charged, before Mr. De Rutzen, with demanding money, with menace, of Mrs. Baldock, of 8, Grosvenor-place, S.W. Mr. Arthur Newton appeared for the prisoner. The prisoner was arrested on the night of September 26th, by Detectives James, D Division, and Holder, J Division, at Maldon, Surrey. When arrested he had an eight-chambered revolver and a life-preserver in his possession. Miss Elizabeth Mary Usher was first sworn. She deposed that on the 17th of August she was residing with her mother, Mrs. Baldock, at No. 8, Grosvenor-place, S.W. Her mother, who is an invalid, received a letter which witness opened and read to her. It was written in red ink, signed with the initials "A. M. M.", and was as follows:—Madame—If you have not the sum I demand at hand, then inform me when you can pay it. I know that you are not poor, and you cannot feel such a paltry sum. Take notice, if you do not pay me within seven days the sum of £200, I shall be forced to sell next year. Again, the cattle plague has broken out in several places, and in the Boogovitch district the peasants attacked the veterinary surgeons who intended to destroy infected cattle. A skirmish has taken place, and several persons were wounded. The clergy are suffering terrible hardships, and in some parts they are joining the army of beggars.

THE TWO CROWNS.

He said, "I'll go to London," and his smile was bright and true. And he held his bright young head aloft, as brave firm spirits do: "For kind words speak in the city's smoke." He said, "bear fruits of glory." And golden crowns 'mid the city's frowns Are won sometimes—in story."

She said, "I'll go to London, where fame comes in a day: For beauty rules its rulers, and I am fair, they say: Let others labour for renown, Or slave with pen for glory, The brightest wreath is beauty's crown, At least 'tis so—in story."

And so he went to London and walked those far-famed streets.

And he saw the idols of wealth and power enthroned on golden seats:

But he knew the real and the ideal,

Though the great world sought to blind him, While he strove with song to lessen wrong. But he left that smile behind him.

And she, too, came to London, and her beauty caught the throng:

'Mid the music of woman's loveliness, who bears the post's song;

And she let the world go on its way,

For it came with flowers to bind her,

So for the play she left the fray.

But she left her peace behind her.

One day two crowns were laid away upon the shelf of time,

One dim, the other bright with years of beauty's glowing prime;

But when the angel of death came near,

Gave the noblest glory

To the rayless crown dimmed by a tear.

At least, so says the story.

KAY BEE.

PRISON WARDERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

Sir.—When a body of public servants, holding one of the most responsible posts under the Crown, have grievances that have been acknowledged to be both just and reasonable, the best way I think is for the authorities to remove any cause of complaint with the least possible trouble. But this course has not been pursued in the case of the prison warders, whose position at present, as regards pay, pension, and hours of duty, is nothing short of scandal. It goes without saying that the position of warden is one of the most ungenial kind, shut out as he is from the world, and surrounded by some of the worst specimens of humanity. They are called upon unceasingly to exercise great judgment and tact with the prisoners who are under their charge. An assistant warden in the local service is paid at the following rate upon joining:—£1 2s. 4d. per week and uniform, but no boots, most necessary part of uniform. An assistant-warden's pay rises by five annual increments of £1 (which is as near as possible £14). per week until it reaches £65 per annum, where it stops until the promotion to warden, when it increases to £70 and rises as in the former grade to £75 per annum. To reach this grade the warden would have about sixteen years' service. The next grade of principal warden reaches £90 per annum. I may add that should the warden rise in prison quarters a deduction is made of 3s. 9d. per week from the above salaries for rent. It will thus be seen that the junior officers have less than £4 per week to support themselves, wife, and family. More than a year ago permission was given by the Home Office to the officers of various prisons to send in a statement of what was complained of and the improvements asked for. The following is a brief extract from the petition sent in:—(1) Increase of salary for all grades of 10 per cent. (2) Boots to complete uniform. (3) Free quarters. (4) Shorter hours of duty, which are at present as much as eighty, and even ninety hours per week. (5) That after twenty-four years' service the warden shall, if he chooses to retire, become entitled to his pension. At present there is no limit of service. In January last I introduced a deputation of warders, representing all grades, to Sir John Puleston and Mr. Kimber at the House of Commons, who, after hearing the officers' statement, which they considered was both just and reasonable, kindly promised to use their influence on the warders' behalf, which promises both hon. gentlemen have most loyally kept. I have also in my possession correspondence with the officers of the Church of England, who are in a position to do much for the warders, and I am also in possession correspondence from other leading members of Parliament, including a favourable letter from the chairman of Prison Commissioners, dated January 16th, 1889. Six months ago a deputation of warders, representing all grades, to Sir John Puleston and Mr. Kimber at the House of Commons, who, after hearing the officers' statement, which they considered was both just and reasonable, kindly promised to use their influence on the warders' behalf, which promises both hon. gentlemen have most loyally kept. I have also in my possession correspondence from other leading members of Parliament, including a favourable letter from the chairman of Prison Commissioners, dated January 16th, 1889. Six months ago a deputation of warders, representing all grades, to Sir John Puleston and Mr. Kimber at the House of Commons, who, after hearing the officers' statement, which they considered was both just and reasonable, kindly promised to use their influence on the warders' behalf, which promises both hon. gentlemen have most loyally kept. 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THE THEATRES

"CARMEN" AT DRURY LANE.

The performance of Bizet's "Carmen" on the 25th ult. attracted a large audience to Drury Lane Theatre. The pit and galleries were crowded, nearly all the boxes and stalls were occupied, and it was made evident that operatic performances on Saturday afternoons will become popular when properly produced. As "Carmen" was on this occasion. Respecting the work itself nothing remains to be said; it has taken its place high amongst those rare operas which gratify the listener when first heard, and become more enjoyable at every repetition. It was performed with the original English version written for the Carl Rosa Opera Company by Mr. Henry Hersee, but the English "book of words" was not on sale, and the only version available was the Italian libretto, with an English translation, not fitted to the music. It was evident that many of the audience were puzzled, and some of them annoyed, on finding that the words sung on the stage did not correspond to those they had purchased, and the management should at future performances (which are likely to be numerous) avail themselves of the original English libretto, which could, no doubt, be easily obtained from the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The title-part was played by Mdlle. Daria Farini, a young soprano, who has two conspicuous merits; she pronounces every word so distinctly that there is no need of a book of words, so far as she is concerned, and she acts admirably. She sings well in tune, and with ample expression; her voice is of agreeable quality in the lower and middle registers, but in the upper register is apt to become reedy. Mr. Edward Lely, the first representative of Don José on the English stage, acquitted himself admirably, both as actor and vocalist. His elocution was perfect, and he sang with charm of voice and genuine expression. The "Rose Song" in Act II, has seldom been better sung than it was by Mr. Lely. The hearty applause bestowed on him by the large audience was fully merited. Mr. George Fox (Ezcamillo) sang and acted well, and in minor roles good service was rendered by Messrs. King (Dancario), Esmond (Kemendado), Harrison (Morales), and Whyte (Zuniga). Mdlle. Bauermeister (Michaela) won a genuine success in the beautiful solo, "I said nought should frighten me here" (Act III), and Mdlle. Kate Merton and Agnes Jansen (Frasquita and Mercedes) did their respective parts well. An excellent orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus, and conducted by Mr. John Crook, did justice to Bizet's strikingly original orchestration; the choral music was well executed, and the mise-en-scène was worthy of Drury Lane.

SAVOY.

A new opera, entitled "Captain Billy," was successfully produced on the 25th ult. at the Savoy Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Francois Cellier, who has furnished some admirable settings of the well written lyrics which abound in the clever libretto, written by Mr. Harry Greenbank; whose name—it that be his real name—has hitherto been unknown to us. The plot teems with improbabilities treated in the Gilbertian style of which "Mr. Harry Greenbank" is, thus far, the best imitator. The scene is the village green at Porthaven. On one side is The Blue Dragon Inn, kept by Samuel Chunk (Mr. R. Lewis); on the opposite side the cottage of Widow Jackson (Miss Brandram). Chunk soliloquises mournfully over his misdoings, and is interrupted by the arrival of a new customer, Christopher Jolly (Mr. C. R. Rose), who, in a lively patter song, "deplores the fact that he cannot find out where he was born, nor what his age is. Presently he asks, "Who is this pretty maiden coming towards us?" and learns that she is Folly (Miss Decima Moore), the Widow Jackson's only child, a pupil teacher at the board school. She enters; Jolly orders Chunk to take his trunk indoors, and becomes desperately enamoured of Folly, who promises that her mother, who is now open at the parish church, shall allow him to search the list of births. She warns him that her mother can be conciliated by a request to see her dance a hornpipe, and that by praise of her dancing. She explains that "father was a sailor, and taught her to dance the hornpipe. Ten years ago he disappeared, and has never been heard of since, and for ten years mother has danced the hornpipe continually, as a tribute to his memory. The widow enters, and Jolly asks her if she is sure that her husband is dead? She replies, "I think so, sir. When a man never comes near his wife to buy her for ten years, she is justified in supposing him dead." It is the only explanation of such self-denial." At the end of a capital "Hornpipe Triumphant" the three dance off, and Captain Billy (Mr. Lemassie) arrives. Chunk enters, and says "I thought you were dead or drowned or shot, or hung, and that everything was nice and comfortable, and now you go and turn up like this!" In the conversation which follows, it transpires that the pirate purchased his ship with money lent by Chunk, to whom he had always remitted 1 per cent. interest, and 10 per cent. of the gross receipts." He adds that he had left his orphan nephew, "Cherubim Jackson," in the desert of Sahara, first marking his linen, "Christopher John." Chunk re-enters his inn, and then comes the meeting of the pirate and his wife, his Emma! After a complete reconciliation, Billy says he is thirsty, and enters the inn; his Emma looking tenderly after him and exclaiming "William is thirsty! What a rush of old memories those simple words bring back!" and when he re-enters, accompanies him to her cottage. They presently return, after a love-scene between Christopher and Folly, who have resolved to be married; Captain Billy and his wife re-enter, and when they learn that Folly's future husband's name is Christopher Jolly, the captain is conscience-stricken and so in Chunk, who makes a clean breast of their past misdeeds, and say that the supposed Christopher Jolly is really Cherubim Jackson. Folly says she "don't like the idea of being Mrs. Cherubim, but adds that "when a pupil teacher loves, she loves for ever" and the curtain falls on a happy group. Mr. Francois Cellier has the gift of melody, and is a master of orchestration. He has set characteristic music to the lyrics, especially to Emma's solo, "I thought my dashin' buccaneer," in which there is a truly pathetic refrain. The duet, "When flowers bloom, the quartette "It's Unpleasant," and the "Hornpipe Trio" are admirable, and the orchestral accompaniments reflect great credit on the composer. To him, and also to the librettist, hearty praise is due, and also to their interpreters—especially to Miss Brandram, who sang as artistically as ever, and pretty Miss Decima Moore, whose fascinating acting and charming singing contributed greatly to the genuine success which was achieved. The "Naught Girl" followed, with Miss Louie Bowe and Mr. Penley, as meritorious substitutes for Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Barrington, and the other leading parts were excellently filled by Miss Snyder and M.M. Pounds, Thornton, Wyatt, and Denny.

ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. George Alexander was at home again for the season in his own theatre on Wednesday night, when the dual performance of "Barbarina" and "Moliere" took place.

pieces have continued their London success while on tour, was resumed. The sole novelty in the representation was seen in the substitution of Miss Lily Hanbury for Miss Maude Millott in the part of the pretty girlish Kate Merryweather. Handsome and the new representative looked, and intelligently as the part was acted by her, it was still felt that the airy presence, light touch, and sportive playfulness distinguishing her predecessor were wanting. Mr. Alexander still retains the insinuating and persuasive tone which, by a mastery of histrioic art, renders one of the basest scoundrels of the modern drama almost sympathetic to the audience. Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, with Miss Marion Terry, Lady Monckton, and Miss Gertrude Kriegel, one and all, sustain with undiminished artistic sincerity the characters which from the first they made their own. But Mr. Wilton Lackaye, it must be said, is as wretched unto wretched as compared with his own countryman who preceded him in the millionaires' and the play-safeties accordingly at its highest tension of interest by the change. Let it be clearly understood that no fault is found with this impersonation, but its weakness; it needs above all an actor indicating earnestness and determination, histrioic qualities in which Mr. Lackaye is deficient. It needs only to state that Mr. Haddon Chambers's piece and "Moliere" asserted their former influences upon the audience, who witnessed their plauditory satisfaction at the close of the performance.

GAIETY.

Mr. George Edwards, like his nearest managerial neighbour at the Lyceum, having made haste during the summer vacation to ensure the safety of his audiences by opening several new exits from his theatre, and also the comfort of his actors by providing them with new and commodious dressing-rooms. Started his winter season on Wednesday night with a second edition of "Joan of Arc," removed en bloc from the "Comique." With the most exhilarating of its old features still retained, this popular burlesque, as now seen, is supplemented with quite a number of new songs and dances which incidentally much merriment in an audience through every section of the theatre as argued for. "Joan of Arc" a continued run up to Christmas, when, with Mr. Fred Lyle and Miss Ellen Farren, home again from Australia, the new travesty of "Cinder Eileen" bringing with it the colonial hall-mark of approval, will be given as the Yuletide attraction. The fresh items in "Joan of Arc," greeted with most pronounced approbation, were a dumb show scene between Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Marin, mimicing in ludicrous fashion the action and characters of "L'Enfant Prodigue." It was well that these pair of diverting mumpunks were for the time being as "unapproachable" as the G.O.M.'s terrible Turk for any sounds from their lips must have been drowned in the roar of laughter throughout their imitation of the Pierrots. But the crowning success of the Second edition was perhaps Mr. Arthur Roberts' new song of "Randy, dandy, O," in which the "lion comique" of the stage made up as the "lion eccentric" of politics, availed forth his experiences as a special correspondent in South Africa. Even unto the seventh time of asking was this racy, rollicking ditty of humorous personalities, all founded upon fact as reported, demanded by shouts which would not be silenced until the singer was clean pumped out. Miss Marion Hood, as pleasant as ever to see as Joan of Arc, was also heard at her best in the inspiring patriotic chant of "The Banner," the one serious vocal item of the travesty. Of the dancing, excellent alike in taste and quality, that of Miss Katie Seymour was perhaps the most bewitching. The spectacular effects, together with the general presentation of the burlesque, seem to have been both enlivened and refined since its first production. Though hard pressed for a speech by gods above and man below in the pit, Mr. George Edwards, wisely remembering that silence is golden, simply bowed his acknowledgments of the hearty greetings accorded him at the conclusion of the performance.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Favoure players, despite the protests of a prominent playwright, are ever apt in the nature of things theatrical to gravitate into actor-managers, and it is little wonder when a clever son of a mercifully clever father and mother should assert the principle of hereditary in his own proper person. On the 25th, by means for the first time in London, Mr. Edward Compton resumed, at the Opera Comique, the stage "double first" long since taken and worthily held by his in the provinces. Taking a new departure in metropolitan management, Mr. Compton, quitting for a time at least his long-astained devotion to old comedy, inaugurated his leadership at the Opera Comique with a dramatization by the Transatlantic novelist Mr. Henry James, of his own story, entitled "The American." The gentleman in question is a San Francisco millionaire named Newman, who has come over to the old continent, like Coelbs, in search of a wife. During his stay in Paris Mr. Newman, as he faint hopes, meets his fate in Claire, the daughter of the haughty aristocrat, the Marquis de Bellegarde, and sister of the marquis, her less supercilious son, both of whom by complication meanly lead the young American to believe they accept him as Claire's suitor, simply for the purpose of playing off their dupe against a certain English Lord Deepmire, to whom they secretly design to marry the girl. Her younger brother, Valentin, however, opposing her family, sides with Claire on finding that she reciprocates the American's affection. For this contravention of his purposes, Lord Deepmire challenges the gallant young champion, whom he wounds mortally in the duel which ensues. In his death throes Valentin, still striving to shield Claire, confides to Newman that there is a dreadful dishonouring attachment to the Bellegarde, known outside the family only to its old English nurse, Mrs. Bread, the mention of which to his mother and brother will terribly alarm them into yielding consent to the alliance with Newman. Here the dramatic falls into the error of not taking the audience at once into his confidence, for instead of disclosing the secret at once, he mystifies them by withholding what must be revealed through a long act and a half, assuming the dramatic tension to slacken, as it invariably does, whenever the story becomes a puzzle. Ultimately, however, the nurse reveals the fact that her former master died by slow poison, administered with wilful malice by his wife and son, for a nefarious purpose, but the poisoned man, recovering consciousness, had lived long enough to write a statement of his murder confined to him by the Nurse Bread. But why this venerable domestic makes herself a parasite criminis by retaining the document for ten long years? is not explained. However, she hands it over when the plot requires the transfer, to Newman, who at the special prayer of Claire, passes it on to the two murderers, despite the fact of their refusal to withdraw their veto to her marriage with her lover. Though Newman, by this highly immoral act, thereby renders himself accessory to the killing, the company of the au-

the surrender of the criminal statement as an act of magnanimity so convincingly persuasive as to cause her suddenly to resolve to become a nun by then and there agreeing to enter a church, instead of a convent, as Newman's bride. That a play conveyed through such witty and spirited dialogue though its opening acts of pure comedy should fall as it does directly the action became grave, was disappointing to critical players; these, however, were in the small minority of the friendly audience who saw only the silver side of the shield as betokened by their unqualified plaudits at the fall of the curtain. But if the play is to hold its ground as an ensuring success, Mr. James, undecided by first night's congratulations over the footlights, must make haste to eliminate the puns from his plot by making its course clear as it proceeds to the spectator. The wealthy young American lover was acted by Mr. Compton, with characteristic humour, through the earlier comedy scenes, and with quiet force through the serious action which follows. The other parts were very creditably played.

TIROLI.

Sandow is in our midst once more. During his absence he has apparently not been idle, for he appeared at the Tivoli on Monday evening, and executed feats which fully justify his claim to be the king of strong men, and feats which will tax the ingenuity as well as the muscles of his rivals should they elect to revive the challenge game. Having got into trim by a little practice with 50lb. dumb-bells Sandow gives a kind of preliminary exhibition with weights varying from 30lb. to 200lb. A handstand and turns a complete somersault, also performing the latter fast blindfolded and with his leg tied together at the ankles. His chief feat is really one of endurance, and consists in keeping raised at arm's length a Shetland pony. The animal is hoisted some distance in the air until Sandow is ready to receive him on his shoulder, and then the pony is triumphantly carried off the stage by the strong man. Sandow concludes his performance with an old feat executed in a novel way. He strikes an attitude on the stage, and supports a platform on his knees and shoulders. On this is placed a grand piano with player, while on top of the instrument three of the least timorous members of the orchestra are mounted, and at a signal strike up "Rule Britannia" and the curtain descends. Sandow met with a most enthusiastic reception. Among other performers who are to be seen here just now, mention may be made of Mr. Fred Mason, Mr. F. C. Hill, Mr. G. W. Hunter, Miss F. Robina, Miss A. Learner, Miss Marie Le Blanc, and others. The Saturday evenings have become very popular, and will doubtless be taken advantage of during Sandow's engagement.

CANTERBURY.

An important change was made in the entertainment at this theatre on Monday last, the management reverting to a policy once popular here of giving a couple of short ballets as important place in the programme. For this purpose the services of Mr. Paul Valentine were secured, and he has reproduced upon the Canterbury stage the two ballets, "Work and Play" and "The Elements," originally produced by him at the Blackpool Winter Gardens. In the first-named "A Sailor's Knot" will take the place in the cast of "Fanny Brough on her quitting Drury Lane to play in Mr. Pinero's new comedy at Terry's." A Pan-tomime rehearsal, with "The Lancashire Sailor" and "A Comedian," have just passed their hundredth performance. Miss Maud Millett has withdrawn from the cast of "The Idler" to go touring on her own account. The first performance of Mr. Joseph Hatton's version of "The Prince and the Pauper" at the Vaudeville is fixed for the 12th inst. Both the Sisters Linden will be included with Miss Bessie Hatton, in the cast.—Simon Glacé, an Italian dramatist, has written a new play for Madame Sara Bernhardt, which it is said the audience will applaud. Mr. Abud has acquired the English rights of the piece.—Mr. E. W. Gardiner is engaged by Mr. Sedgely to adaptation of "La Plantaion Thomasin," to follow "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

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SUICIDE OF GENERAL BOULANGER.

At a quarter-past 12 o'clock on Wednesday General Boulanger committed suicide by shooting himself at the grave of Madame de Bonnemain, in the Cemetery of Ixelles, just outside Brussels. For some days past he had been extremely depressed, and at the house in the Rue Montoyer, where he was staying, considerable anxiety was felt on his account. On more than one occasion of late he has attempted to make away with himself. So far as could be managed, all arms were kept out of his reach, and nothing is known as to how he contrived to conceal the revolver with which he took his life. When Madame de Bonnemain, with whom during the last few years the general had been so intimately associated, was buried, not many weeks ago, Boulanger was heard to exclaim, in solemn tones, "Au revoir, à bientôt" ("Good-bye; we shall meet again soon.") It has since been his custom every day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, to go to the cemetery and deposit on the grave of the woman to whom he had been so deeply attached either a bouquet or a wreath. His relatives and the servants at his residence were surprised on Wednesday to see him start for the cemetery in a carriage, drawn by two horses, at the early hour of 10. At the gate of the cemetery he left the carriage, and walked straight to the part of the grounds where a blue headstone, surmounted by a broken column, indicated the last resting place of Mme. de Bonnemain. There he remained in silent contemplation for some little time. One of the most recently deposited wreaths, laid there only two or three days ago, bore the words, "A bientôt, Marguerite." Though exceedingly downcast, General Boulanger did not by his demeanour excite suspicion on the part of his servants or of the cemetery attendants. He had been walking about in the grounds for an hour and a half.

**GENERAL BOULANGER.**

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WHEN A PISTOL SHOT WAS HEARD.

With all possible speed the general's servants and the cemetery officials ran to the spot. They found the general stretched upon the ground, and by his side a revolver of large calibre, which had just been discharged.

A wound in the right temple and another in the left showed that the fatal bullet had passed right through the brain of the deceased, and it was evident that death had been instantaneous. No cry was heard or other sound, except the report of the pistol shot. The police were immediately communicated with, and the body was conveyed to the central police station in the general's private landau. The remains were laid in the bottom of the carriage, the face being covered with a white handkerchief. The formality of identification having been gone through, the body was taken to the house in which the general had occupied rooms. It seems that when General Boulanger's niece, who, with her husband, was staying at the same house, saw her uncle go out that morning her suspicions were aroused. She accordingly sent a special messenger to M. Alfred Dutens, who was an intimate friend of the deceased, to request him to follow the carriage to the cemetery with all possible haste. M. Dutens, in response to this appeal, at once drove out to Ixelles, only, however, to find the general already dead. An examination of the papers found in the general's writing desk revealed the fact that he had made his will, and had even prepared a number of telegrams, all duly addressed to the persons to whom they should be sent.

According to another account, M. Dutens, who came from Paris on a visit to General Boulanger, some eight days ago, received a letter warning him that his friend was

ON THE POINT OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.

He reached the cemetery very shortly after the latter, was with him for about an hour, and found him so calm and collected that his suspicions were disarmed. Finally the general pulled out his watch and remarked that it was time to go back to town and dinner. He added that before returning he desired to spend only a few moments longer at the tomb of Madame de Bonnemain. Completely reassured by the general's collected demeanour, M. Dutens withdrew. He had not left his friend more than a minute or two when the latter, having seated himself in front of Madame de Bonnemain's tombstone, took off his hat, and, placing a revolver to his temple, pulled the trigger, with the fatal result already described. The body had been laid out in a black coat, and on the breast of the deceased is a decoration (a star). The wounds in the temple are concealed by a white bandage. The features are quite composed. Outside the residence a considerable crowd was stationed all the afternoon, and the tragic event is the universal topic of conversation. The blinds of the house were drawn as a sign of mourning. Madame Boulanger, the deceased general's mother, is still under the belief that her son started upon a pleasure trip. The general left a letter for her, saying that he was going to a fete, and, for a long time after reading this letter, Madame Boulanger continued to talk of the supposed outing, frequently expressing the hope that "Ernest" was enjoying himself, and that he would come back less

SAD AND DEJECTED

than he had been for some time past. It is stated that at a quarter-past 7 o'clock the other morning General Boulanger, who was already up and dressed, said to his valet, "Should any one call for me to-day tell him to come back again to-morrow." The telegrams found on the writing-table of the deceased were in his own handwriting. They included messages conveying the news of his death to his wife and two daughters. It appears that shortly after the death of Madame de Bonnemain, General Boulanger's wife wrote to him offering to forgive him for all the past, and to share his exile. This touching letter was never answered. Towards the end of August General Boulanger went one day to the Ixelles Cemetery, and after a violent outburst of grief at the tomb of Madame de Bonnemain, he laboriously carved on the plinth of the newly-erected grave-stone, with his pocket-knife, the words which seem to have been constantly uppermost in his mind, "A bientôt Marguerite." From that day he never was the same man. He became extremely emaciated and haggard-looking, and, but for his characteristic beard, his friends might have found it difficult to recognise the war minister. At the invitation of his mother, several of his old friends recently came from Paris to see him. To them he confided that life was now a burden to him, and that he often entertained the idea of making away with himself. Prince Victor Bonaparte, on hearing the news of the general's suicide, called at the house; his visit lasted about half an hour. The deceased general was

A GREAT FAVOURITE

With all his servants and attendants, who

notwithstanding his reduced circumstances, included a coachman and footman, two valets de chambre, two femmes de chambre, and three cooks. About a week ago the general caused his portrait to his chef as a "token of affection." The room in which the body lies is sumptuously furnished. It is on the second floor of the house, and is elegantly hung with blue silk. On a table stands a portrait of the deceased about 2 ft. high. It represents the general in undress uniform, engaged in tracing a military plan. Portraits of Madame Bonnemain and of Mademoiselle Marcellle Boulanger also occupy prominent places in the room. Nothing has yet been definitely arranged with regard to the funeral, but it will probably take place at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The house has been perfectly besieged by touts connected with undertakers and funeral carriage drivers. It has now transpired that General Boulanger was on several recent occasions in communication with the communal authorities of Ixelles. He applied to them to have the alley in the cemetery leading to Madame de Bonnemain's grave paved. The path in question was accordingly macadamised. The next application was a much more extraordinary one. The tomb to which the remains of Madame de Bonnemain were consigned consisted of two compartments, and General Boulanger recently acquired the vacant vault for his own use. Everything points to the most deliberate intention on the part of General Boulanger to compass his own death. A few days previously he sent for his solicitor, and had his papers set in order. Among them, it is stated, are two wills, one relating to his private and personal affairs, the other making known his last wishes to the political party which owned him his chiefship, and which he had been the means of calling into existence. The precise terms of this document have not yet been ascertained, but it is said to contain an affirmation of

UNDIMINISHED CONFIDENCE

in the cause with which he was identified, and an appeal to his friends and colleagues to continue the political work, and to endeavour to realise the aims which they had set before him. His death, he declares, is due to a single cause, his grief at the loss of Madame de Bonnemain. His infatuated passion for this lady is curiously illustrated by the fact that when the body was undressed an immense photograph of Madame de Bonnemain was found next to his heart. It was stained by the blood which had flowed from the wounds caused by the fatal bullet. In the general's waistcoat pockets were his gold watch and a sum of 7fr., but no pocket-book or papers of any description were found upon him.

THE EFFECT OF THE BOULANGISTS.

A Boulanger deputy, interviewed by the Times Paris correspondent, says that with regard to the prospects of the party, the Boulanger group in the Chamber would probably suffer complete disintegration in consequence of the death of their leader; the majority of its members returning to the Radical party. At the same time a complete amalgamation between the Boulanger and Radical groups could not take place on account of two points which the Boulangerists had included in their programme—namely, liberty of conscience and the Republic open to all. One curious effect of Boulanger's death would be to deprive the Government of its principal weapon of defence politically, as it would no longer be able to hold up Boulanger to the country as a thing to be combated and defeated. Several Revisionist committees have met and passed resolutions expressing regret at General Boulanger's death. They also resolved to send delegates to the funeral.

STATEMENT BY M. ROCHEFORT.

The following from M. Rochefort appears in *L'Intransigeant* of Wednesday:—"Could anything be more profound than my grief it would be the rage that I feel remembering the various indignities heaped upon our dear and worthy friend by the obscure wretches who had made France their prey and their victim. Hannibal, when he slew himself, had at least been vanquished by a Scipio; Boulanger succumbs to blows of German Jews, of thieves and rascals. These wretches combined to call him 'Général la Venette,' and the 'brave concurrence.' The 'concurrence' had robbed the Ministry of the just sufficient for the purchase of a revolver, and 'General la Venette' went voluntarily to his death. He had his fill of disappointments. Abandoned by his own followers, insulted by the ignoble press, by many whom he had rescued from want and bankruptcy, he had sacrificed his life to his. The man who falls with a shoulder shattered at Champigny, while his accusers and judges of yesterday lay smugly in their cellars, the man who had mastered the demoralisation of his party and the dispersion of his few remaining hopes. From England he went for a time to Jersey, in the company of Madame de Bonnemain (his wife having been deserted some time previously), and from Jersey he went back to Brussels. The death of his companion and the rumours as to his possible expulsion from Brussels brought his name once more into the newspapers, but for all practical purposes General Boulanger had faded from the public memory, and no one paid any heed to the broken and sorrow-stricken man, whose star, after its fugitive brilliancy, had now set in perpetual gloom. The tragedy of Wednesday forms a fitting close to a career of tinsel triumphs and theatrical glory."

GENERAL BOULANGER'S CAREER.

It is not necessary to relate the career of General Boulanger in any detail, for the history of his rise and fall has already pointed the moral of many edifying discourses on the vanity of human wishes. His early life was spent in the ordinary routine of a military officer. Born in 1837, he was in 1856 appointed sub-lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Algerian Tirailleurs, and three years subsequently he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He served in 1861 in the expedition in Cochinchina, and during the Franco-Prussian war he acted as Chief of Battalion in the army of Paris, being wounded at Champigny. In the position of Brigadier-general to which he was appointed in 1880, he showed some signs of a talent for organisation, and when the Americans, remembering the part played by Lafayette and other Frenchmen, the memorable struggle for independence, sent an invitation to the French Government to despatch a legation on the occasion of the centenary of Yorktown, General Boulanger was chosen by his compatriots to represent the Republic. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in relation to this mission. The French Minister, in the course of a conversation with him prior to his departure, told him to be careful not to shock the quiet taste of the Americans by wearing very gaudy uniforms. "In fact," said the Minister, "I think you had better appear in a frock coat as their representatives do in Europe." Boulanger, who had found the Yankees' taste for showy uniforms, high-sounding titles, and a profuse display of gold lace, could not help smiling to himself. "But," said he, in relating the story, "I went home, packed my trunk with the most brilliant and showy uniforms, and told my staff to do the same. Why, had we not in the dress prescribed by the Foreign Minister the Americans would have taken us for a delegation of matrons come over to lament the departed glories of the French nation. As it was, our mission was one of the most popular features of the centenary, and we were

OVERWHELMED WITH ATTENTION

from all classes of the community." For a short time he was attached to the War Office as director of infantry, a position which he quitted to proceed as general of division in

THE WORK OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

A Review of Twenty Years.

The London School Board on Thursday resumed its sittings after the holidays; and the chairman (Mr. J. E. Dingle) made his annual statement as to the work done by the board, extending his review to the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the Education Act was passed in 1870. He pointed out that in the period of twenty years the population of London had increased by 28 per cent., and the civic wealth of London by 65 per cent.; so that, whereas in 1871 a precept of £1,000 in the sum of rateable value produced £23,200, in 1891 it produced £137,500. In 1870 the School Board began their work with not a single school under their control. In 1891 they possessed 410 schools, affording an accommodation for 423,000 children. In 1871 it was estimated that there were 104,000 children for whom school places were not provided. In 1891 a school place existed for each child subject to the law of compulsory attendance. The cost of obtaining this large public school property had been £2,429,000, of which during the same period £1,130,000 had been repaid, leaving an unpaid debt upon this account of £7,300,000. The yearly payments for interest on and repayment of this loan amounted to £26,500, which was equivalent to a rate of 3d. in the pound of the present rateable value of London.

VULGAR OSTENTATION

which in the popular mind is connected with his black charger and his famous display at the Longchamps review, had certain elements of success which seemed to mark him out as a favourite of fortune. Then came the fatal bid for supremacy which, though for a time it added to his fame, eventually prepared the way for his downfall. From an energetic War Minister he aspired to be a Socialistic dictator and a representative of the policy of Revanche, appealing at once to the supporters of the extreme Radical party and of the self-styled patriots. When M. de Freycinet resigned at the end of 1885, General Boulanger retained his portfolio, but after the fall of M. Goblet there was no place found for him in the Cabinet of M. Rouvier. To these events there succeeded the departure of the general to Clermont-Ferrand amid every demonstration of popular enthusiasm, and his subsequent somewhat mysterious return to Paris in blue spectacles—an incident which led to his name being struck off the Army List. Although he was now only a civilian, he was as formidable as ever, owing to the fact that his personality formed a rallying point for every discontented party and section of France, and his triumph at the polls in 1888, when he entered the Chamber pledged to a programme of "revision of the constitution," was followed by a highly successful tour in the department of the Nord, where he was everywhere received with excitement and applause.

HIS DEATH

with M. Flouquet, in which the general was defeated by a civilian, and by a man whom he had contemptuously referred to as "an usher," struck the first blow at his popularity. But the cloud seemed after a time to pass away, and for some months an uneasy feeling prevailed that Boulanger had only to stretch out his hand to obtain supreme power in France. That he failed to do so may be assigned either to a lack of courage or to a natural hesitation to cross the Rubicon and set his country ablaze with a novel coup d'état; but, as we now know, his fall was principally due to the energetic determination of M. Constant to crush the conspirator before his plans could be matured. The Ligue des Patriotes, of which Boulanger was head, was suppressed and the national hero himself was placed upon the scaffold. He had his fill of disappointments. Abandoned by his own followers, insulted by the ignoble press, by many whom he had rescued from want and bankruptcy, he had sacrificed his life to his. The man who falls with a shoulder shattered at Champigny, while his accusers and judges of yesterday lay smugly in their cellars, the man who had mastered the demoralisation of his party and the dispersion of his few remaining hopes. From England he went for a time to Jersey, in the company of Madame de Bonnemain (his wife having been deserted some time previously), and from Jersey he went back to Brussels. The death of his companion and the rumours as to his possible expulsion from Brussels brought his name once more into the newspapers, but for all practical purposes General Boulanger had faded from the public memory, and no one paid any heed to the broken and sorrow-stricken man, whose star, after its fugitive brilliancy, had now set in perpetual gloom. The tragedy of Wednesday forms a fitting close to a career of tinsel triumphs and theatrical glory.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S CAREER.

What was described by Dr. Willett, presiding at Brentford Police Court, as one of the most brutal and cowardly attacks upon children which he had ever heard, came before the court, when Albert Henry Talbot, of Worton-road, Isleworth, was summoned at the instance of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for having, between August 1st and September 7th, ill-treated and neglected his three children—Edith, aged 31; George, 9; and Alice, 13 years—in such a manner as to cause them unnecessary suffering. Evidence was given showing that in July the defendant's wife went to the Brentford Union Workhouse, where she gave birth to a child, and afterwards became insane (it was alleged that this was in consequence of the defendant's cruelty), and she was removed to a lunatic asylum. An elder girl obtained a situation, but in consequence of her father continually calling at the house and pestering her for money she was compelled to leave. On returning to her home she found the defendant had removed the children from the workhouse, and that her sister Edith had been beaten on the head and face, and was bruised on various parts of the body. Her sister Alice had been driven out of the house by the defendant, who had previously kicked her in the side and hit her. She slept all night in the open air, with no covering but an old chemise, an old skirt of her sister's, and a ragged ulster. The relieving officer who visited the house found no furniture of any description in the lower room, and in the bedroom only an old iron bedstead and some filthy rags for coverings. There was no food in the house except a small quantity of bread.—The defendant, who denied the charge, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

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A CUMBERLAND TRAGEDY.

Mr. William Forster, a farmer at Nichol Forest, Cumberland, was found dead in one of his fields on the 26th of September, shot in the chest. It was afterwards ascertained that Mr. Forster had been killed by a day labourer named Armstrong, when the latter was on a poshing expedition. On Sunday two policemen went to arrest Armstrong at his cottage, but found him armed with a double-barrelled gun, which he threatened to use, and they thereupon decided to delay active measures for a time. Later in the day a strong force of constables stormed the cottage. Armstrong was then found dead, having cut his throat.

A DISCOVERY AT ST. BERNARD.

The asylum for the Alpine wayfarer (7,500ft. above the sea level) is said to have been founded A.D. 962 by St. Bernard of Menthon, while, according to some authorities, it rose a century earlier, under Charlemagne. Neither saint nor emperor is likely to make good his claim, as the archives of the hospice have been completely destroyed in two successive conflagrations. But like other Christian institutions, it had undoubtedly a pagan predecessor. The Romans on the self-same spot built a temple to the Panine Jove, and that, in turn, occupied a still earlier shrine of prehistoric antiquity. The truth is (the *Lance* says) the Alpine passes were in common use from the remotest ages, the Christian world treading the same route which had been trodden by the Romans, who also availed themselves of the track made by the aborigines. At its highest point the tutelary deity had his place of worship, and this was served by the local priesthood, who rendered assistance to the distressed or ailing traveller and received votive tributes in return for its good offices. The existence of a temple of Jupiter on the spot, with its staff of priests, was well known, and the relics that have turned up near it attest its uses to have been similar to those of the present hospice. A discovery of importance has just been made in its vicinity—a bronze statue in excellent preservation of Jupiter himself. Its artistic value is very great; its height 40 centimetres. At the same time other treasure-trove was brought to the surface, including a number of medals and a statuette of a lion measuring 16 centimetres, also of fine workmanship. These are now the property of the monks, and will attract to the hospice a public more able to keep them in funds than the proper recipients of their kindness. Sad to relate, the revenues of the monastery, heavily drawn upon by the travellers (from 16,000 to 20,000 annually) who throw themselves on its bounty, are diminishing. The contributions left by these comfortably accommodated guests being miserably below what, in the majority of cases, they can afford. The heroism of the monks should be remembered by the well-to-do holiday visitor. They begin their career at the age of 18 or 19. After fifteen years' service the severe climate has made old men of them. For eight or nine months out of the twelve they see none but the poorest wayfarers, and the dames' school had also largely ceased to exist.

NON-BOARD SCHOOLS.

which had effect the provision of this enormous public school accommodation upon previously existing schools? In 1871 the schools in connection with various religious bodies, and which now formed the system of non-board schools, afforded accommodation for 261,000 children. They now afford accommodation for 238,000, a decrease under this head of 3,000 school places. The number of children educated in these schools had decreased to a greater extent than the accommodation. The average attendance had fallen from 173,000 to 162,000, a decrease of 11,000. The experience, therefore, of the last twenty years showed that in London non-board schools not only showed no signs of extension, but were slowly and surely decreasing in numbers and influence. The day ranged schools had almost entirely ceased to exist, and the dames' school had also largely ceased to exist.

RESULTS.

During that period, not reckoning the amount of loans repaid, a sum of not less than £12,000,000 had been paid by the ratepayers of London alone for the maintenance of the schools, and for the general administration of the work of the board. The children who had passed through the schools in these years probably exceeded half a million. During these years there had been an extraordinary diminution of juvenile crime; for, notwithstanding the growth of the population in the interval, the number of juvenile offenders was only 3,572 in 1891, as against 9,958 in 1870. In the matter of school attendance no improvement had taken place. In

LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

Mansion House.

ROBBERY FROM A LETTER-BOX. — Alfred Orford, 19, saw-maker, was charged with stealing from a letter-box at 154, Fleet-street, a cheque for £33 1d. 6d., and with receiving the same knowing it to have been stolen.—On Friday morning the letter-box of Messrs. Charles Taylor and Co., advertisement agents, was found to have had its top wrenched off. There were some letters left in the box. Information was given to the police. The cheque for £33 1d. 6d. was drawn by Mr. Carpenter in favour of Messrs. Charles Taylor and Co., and was sent to Messrs. Taylor by the 5 o'clock post on Thursday evening. On Friday afternoon the prisoner presented the cheque at the Consolidated Bank, Charing Cross. The cheque was in an envelope which also contained a letter. The cashier, knowing that the cheque was stopped, asked the prisoner to wait a few minutes, and communicated with the drawer. The prisoner went with Mr. Carpenter's clerk to Messrs. Taylor's office, and on the way the prisoner said a man called him from the opposite side of the Strand, and asked him to take the note to the bank, and he would wait for an answer. As they went along the prisoner wished to go to a public-house in the Strand to see the man. The clerk went with him, but there was no one there. The prisoner was given into custody. He said he was innocent, that he knew nothing about it, and that it was given to him by a man in light clothes. He said the man's name was Taylor, and that he had a shop at an address which he gave. The prisoner was wearing a small watch and chain and new clothes.—The police stated that numerous letter-boxes had been broken open recently.—Alderman De Keyser adjourned the case.

Guildhall.

CHARGE OF STEALING £5 NOTES. — Samuel Charles Simmonds, an elderly man, was charged with stealing nine £5 Bank of England notes.—John Geddes, master of the Cock of the North ship, lying in the West India Dock, said that on the 17th ult. he went to the National Provincial Bank to cash a cheque (produced) for £30. He obtained nine £5 notes, £13 10s. in gold, and £1 10s. in silver. From the bank he went to the agent's office in Leadenhall-street, and then ascertained that he had lost the notes. He at once went to the bank and got the numbers of the notes. He did not know the prisoner.—Det.-insp. Lawless said that at a quarter to three the previous afternoon he saw the prisoner in Leadenhall-street. He stopped him and told him that he was a police-inspector making inquiries about nine £5 notes. He also told him that he had changed one of the notes with Mr. May, of the Salmon and Ball public-house, Bethnal Green-road. Prisoner replied, "I know nothing about the notes," but subsequently said, "Yes, I did change one £5 note at the Salmon and Ball. I found nine near St. Mary Axe, and 'finding's keeping.'" Witness told him that the notes had either been stolen or lost. Prisoner then said that they were all gone. He went to Kepton races and lost the lot. He was then taken to the police station, where he said, "If you let me go I can get back about £23." Witness said, "Can't you tell me where?" and he replied, "No; I'd rather suffer being hanged than tell you." Mr. Geddes eventually charged him with stealing the notes.—Mr. Alderman Dimond granted a remand.

Marylebone.

TOO FOND OF FRUIT. — A small boy named Linford, aged 13, and living at Palmerston-road, Brondesbury, was charged with stealing six nectarines and a pear, valued at 6d., belonging to Siegfried Wartemberg, residing at Montague House, Shoot-up Hill, Brondesbury.—The prosecutor had been losing fruit from his garden for some time past; he made an arrangement with Ernest Bray, a gardener, to keep watch. Between 7 and 8 o'clock on Friday night Bray was watching, and hearing a noise he left his hiding-place, and caught the boy about to leave the garden. In his pockets were found six nectarines and one pear. The prosecutor was communicated with, and he gave the prisoner into custody.—Mr. Cooke remanded the prisoner to the Workhouse for a week.

Clerkenwell.

SANGUINE THIEVES IN ISLINGTON. — John Smith, 18, labourer, Galway-street, St. Luke's, and George Jeffs, 17, a porter, of Richmond-road, St. Luke's, were charged with stealing from the person of John Handley a gold Albert chain and a medal, value £10.—Complainant deposed that on Friday evening, at half-past 5, he was walking along Canonbury Grove in company with his wife, when the two prisoners came up and walked by his side. Smith suddenly made a snap at his chain, and the two prisoners ran off. Witness finding that his chain had been stolen gave chase, calling out "Stop thief!" Several persons joined in the pursuit, and the prisoners were apprehended and given into custody.—Another charge of larceny and assault was preferred against the prisoners, they having been identified in court.—William Bartlett, a merchant, gave evidence to the effect that on the evening of the 12th ult. he was walking along Upper-street, when the prisoner ran up to him and snatched his gold Albert-chain. He ran off, and witness ran down a passage near St. Mary's Church. A man very much like the prisoner Smith then ran into collision with him and knocked him down. His watch-chain, which was worth £10, was broken off at the rivet, leaving the watch in the pocket.—Mr. Horace Smith remanded the prisoners for a week.

Thames.

CAUTION TO CYCLISTS. — William Pile, of 1, Percy-road, Canning Town, was summoned for riding a bicycle, after sunset, without having a lighted lamp.—P.C. 367 K stated he was on duty in the East India Dock-road, at 11.30 p.m. on the 12th ult., when he saw defendant riding a bicycle without any light attached to it. On speaking to defendant the latter said he was not aware he was doing wrong. Pile was travelling at the rate of about ten miles an hour.—Defendant, in answer to the charge, said when he got on to the machine the lamp was burning, and that he had not been out more than a quarter of an hour when the constable stopped him.—Mr. Dickinson fined the defendant 6s. and 2s. costs.

THE CHILD WITH A FANCY NAME. — Thomas Moore, of Essex-street, Mile End, appeared to answer an adjourned summons charging him with being the father of the illegitimate child of Elizabeth Terry, of 5, May's Cottages, East-fleet-street, Stepney.—Complainant was a married woman, but her husband, by whom she had had eight children, left her about two years since. She afterwards picked up with the defendant, and lived with him for about a year since, and at defendant's request complainant named her "Pauline Elizabeth Mary Ann." Mrs. Terry said she had to leave the defendant on account of his brutality.—Defendant, in answer to the charge, said complainant had brought a man home to the house, and had drunk with them; therefore, he could hardly say if the child was his or not. Witness was only a dock labourer. At times he earned 10s. a week, and at other times did not earn anything at all.—The certificate of birth showed that the child was born in October.—Mr. Dickinson held defendant to

be the father of the child, and ordered him to pay 2s. 6d. a week, and 4s. costs.

West London.

THE YOUNG WIFE ALLEGEDLY FRAUD. — George Henry D. Snell, described as an advertising agent, of Melrose Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, surrendered to his bail to answer the charge of obtaining money by fraud. Walter Edwin Watts, the holder of an off-licence at Lavender Hill, Clapham, deposed that in February last the prisoner, whom he had known for several years, drove up in a dog-cart and gave him to understand that he had married a lady who had private property and an interest in the profits of the Australian public-house, Chelsea. He said he was doing well himself, and said he was doing well himself, and asked him to advance a little money. On the faith of his representations he advanced him £15, and arranged for an interview with his wife. About the 16th of February he went to Melrose Gardens where he saw the prisoner and his wife. He told her that he had advanced money to her husband, who wished him to advance more. He promised to do so on condition that he had her joint signature. She said, "Yes, I know all my husband's transactions in money matters, and I shall be prepared to see his debts settled." He advanced other sums, and received a promissory note for £25. The prosecutor gave other evidence to effect that the promissory note was renewed, but he had not received any of the money. He advanced £25 in all, the balance being made up in interest.—Cross-examined: He first ascertained that the prisoner's wife was a minor when he served him with a writ on the 29th of August. It was supposed that the money was lent for advertising purposes. It was not until after he advanced all the money that he heard it was for betting purposes.—Mr. Hayes: Did he ever remark that a fine young woman his wife was for her age?—Witness: Certainly not. Her husband had never been discussed by me. It was a bag of tricks all through. (Laughter.) I did not know whether Mr. Snell had any of the money.—Mr. Snell, with reference to the writ, said the action had been discontinued. The Australian was sold under an order of the Court of Chancery.—P.C. Cockingham A. B. deposed that at about half-past 2 o'clock that morning the prosecutor ran up to him in Stratton-ground and stated that she had been badly kicked by her husband, and stabbed by him in the mouth. Her lip was cut and bleeding.—Mrs. Graham, female searcher at the Rochester-new Station, said she examined the prosecutrix there, and found a serious wound and swelling on her groin. The woman said that this was done by a kick some days before. She was also bruised on her face. The prosecutor said his wife had been on the drink for a fortnight, and when he came home he found her drunk under the table. He went to sleep on the bed in his trousers and boots, and she woke him up by hitting him with a table. Then she knocked her over, table and all, and let her lay where she fell.—Mr. Shell: Supposing she was drunk, you had no right to treat her in this way.—Vince, the assistant police, said the woman had been several times charged with assaults and drunkenness. Prisoner had been in custody before for assaulting her.—Mr. Shell remanded him for a week.—Prisoner: Can I be bail?—The Magistrate: Certainly not.

A PUBLICAN'S RESPONSIBILITY. — William Groves, landlord of the Talbot public-house, Clarendon-road, Notting Hill, was summoned by inspector Graham for permitting a gross and riotous conduct in his licensed premises.—The prosecutor, in answer to other questions, said he came to the opinion that it was a bag of tricks on the morning when the prisoner told him that his wife was a minor.—Witness: Certainly not. Her husband had never been discussed by me. It was a bag of tricks all through. (Laughter.) I did not know whether Mr. Snell had any of the money.—Mr. Snell, with reference to the writ, said the action had been discontinued. The Australian was sold under an order of the Court of Chancery.—P.C. Cockingham A. B. deposed that at about half-past 2 o'clock that morning the prosecutor ran up to him in Stratton-ground and stated that she had been badly kicked by her husband, and stabbed by him in the mouth. Her lip was cut and bleeding.—Mrs. Graham, female searcher at the Rochester-new Station, said she examined the prosecutrix there, and found a serious wound and swelling on her groin. The woman said that this was done by a kick some days before. She was also bruised on her face. The prosecutor said his wife had been on the drink for a fortnight, and when he came home he found her drunk under the table. He went to sleep on the bed in his trousers and boots, and she woke him up by hitting him with a table. Then she knocked her over, table and all, and let her lay where she fell.—Mr. Shell: Supposing she was drunk, you had no right to treat her in this way.—Vince, the assistant police, said the woman had been several times charged with assaults and drunkenness. Prisoner had been in custody before for assaulting her.—Mr. Shell remanded him for a week.—Prisoner: Can I be bail?—The Magistrate: Certainly not.

THE PAINTER AND THE PAINTED BRAD. — The painted bird trick has many times been the subject of judicial investigation in a police court, but it was never more amusingly detailed than it was on Saturday evening. Mr. Shell by a guileless young man from the country, yclept Arthur Wicks, who now resides in Newington-green, St. Peter's-square, Hammersmith, is by occupation a painter.—The prisoners—one burly, clean shaven, rubicund man, with a large blue spotted tie twisted round his neck, who gave the name of John Brown, and the other, called George Edwards, dapper, bald-headed, and with close-cut moustache, seemed themselves thoroughly entertained at the prosecutor's simplicity and smiled blandly when the police took possession of their stock in trade—found in Brown's pocket—consisting of several paper bags, some canary seed, and a few feathers. The idea was that the last bird had flown during the police pursuit of the accused over Westminster Bridge early yesterday morning, when the prosecutor pointed the man out as having victimised him.

The young man's story was that on the morning of the 7th of April last—when he had only been a short time from Wilts—he was behind the bar looking on apparently enjoying it. An inquiry was made for the landlord, and the police were informed that he was not on the premises. One woman was ejected and afterwards charged with being drunk and disorderly, the magistrate committing her the next day.—P.S. 33 X said the barman did not do his best to eject the disorderly people.—Mr. Hanson, who appeared for the defendant, said the trade was bad in a rough neighbourhood, and it was difficult to manage it according to the requirements of the law.—He called witness to the effect that the barman did their best to prevent the disorderly conduct.—Mr. Curtis noted that the goods were the proceeds of a burglary committed near Tumbridge Wells.—The prisoner was remanded.

WANDSWORTH. — **A WOULD-BE DESPERATE.** — George Longford, a youth, was charged with deserting from the East Surrey Regiment, and another lad named Herbert Dukes, was accused of aiding and abetting him to sell his uniform.—P.C. Stephens saw Longford, who was in private clothes, come from a garden with a bundle under his arm, which he handed to the other prisoner. A third man came up, and they tried to dispose of the uniform for £5. Dukes said, "We were only trying to sell the gursey," and Longford said, "I am not a deserter, I am on pass. I intended going to Liverpool and working my way to America."—A corporal from the depot at King's Lynn said that wearing private clothes whilst on pass was treated as an attempt to desert.—Mr. Plowden: Even if he has a pass?—Witness: Yes; unless he has a special order from the commanding officer.—Mr. Plowden discharged Dukes, and gave up Longford to an escort.

HIGHGATE. — **A WOULD-BE DESPERATE.** — George Longford, a youth, was charged with deserting from the East Surrey Regiment, and another lad named Herbert Dukes, was accused of aiding and abetting him to sell his uniform.—P.C. Stephens saw Longford, who was in private clothes, come from a garden with a bundle under his arm, which he handed to the other prisoner. A third man came up, and they tried to dispose of the uniform for £5. Dukes said, "We were only trying to sell the gursey," and Longford said, "I am not a deserter, I am on pass. I intended going to Liverpool and working my way to America."—A corporal from the depot at King's Lynn said that wearing private clothes whilst on pass was treated as an attempt to desert.—Mr. Plowden: Even if he has a pass?—Witness: Yes; unless he has a special order from the commanding officer.—Mr. Plowden discharged Dukes, and gave up Longford to an escort.

GARDEN ROBBERS. — Leonard Seymour, 16, of 15, Colva-street, Highgate, was charged with stealing a number of pearls.—Mr. Arthur Paul, a private tutor, of Bishop's-road, Highgate, said that for a long time past he had been annoyed and interrupted with his pupils by boys coming in front of his house and getting over the fence of an opposite garden and stealing the fruit. Every day last week, at 2.35, as regular as the clock, these boys came and got over the fence of Mr. Robinson's (the prosecutor's) garden.—Mr. Glover: Why did you not stop them?—Witness: It's an easier thing to see a thief than to stop him. I did catch this boy. Containing his evidence, witness said that the previous afternoon he saw the prisoner get over Mr. Robinson's fence, go up a pear tree, and pick the fruit. As he was leaving the garden he was arrested and handed over to Constable Powell.—Mr. Robinson, an accountant, said his garden had been repeatedly robbed and the fence and stock greatly damaged. He should not have presented the boy only his neighbour pressed him to do an account of the nuisance.—Mr. Glover: You have only done your duty.—P.C. Powell said he thought he could arrest another boy who was with the prisoner and who had visited this garden every day during the week.—The prisoner was accordingly remanded in custody.

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This is what people ask us. We reply because those who taste and test the samples afterwards buy packets of Frasier's Sulphur Tablets from us, or obtain them from chemists, druggists, and apothecaries. Frasier's Sulphur Tablets are the best in the world, and we have sold them to thousands of families.

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DO I NEED THEM?

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DO I NEED THEM?

If you desire a good complexion—Yes! They are a gentle, simple, non-irritating, non-iroxic, non-tincture, and non-oily medicine.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Hemorrhoids (Piles)—Yes! They relieve all constrictions and tension of veins and meridians of blood.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Rheumatism—Yes! They control the decomposing and poisonous excesses of acids which are frequently generated in the first instance by injurious changes in the arteries to all the blood-vessels near to the skin; and by great explosive power they free the pores of the inner skin from all the matters which prevent the excretion of waste products.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Constitution—Yes! They are a tonic, simple, non-irritating, non-iroxic, non-tincture, and non-oily medicine.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Neuralgia, or other Complaint—Yes! They are a specific analgesic, and disintegrate the nerves.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Consumption—Yes! They are a specific emollient, non-iroxic, non-tincture, and non-oily medicine.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Jaundice, or other Complaint—Yes! They are a specific emollient, non-iroxic, non-tincture, and non-oily medicine.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Cystitis—Yes! They are a specific emollient, non-iroxic, non-tincture, and non-oily medicine.

DO I NEED THEM?

If you have Scrofula, or other Complaint—Yes! They are a specific emollient, non-iroxic, non-tincture, and non-oily medicine.

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"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

Six little infants were last week in London suffocated in bed.

There were 3,550 births and 1,323 deaths registered in London last week.

Forty deaths in London last week were attributed to accident or negligence.

There were four cases of suicide—a comparatively small number—in London last week.

It is when a man is in the iron grip of poverty that his clothes begin to rust.

After his first love affair a young man may be said to have cut his wisdom teeth.

Strangely enough it is the girl with an angular form who fails to catch her fish.

Strange that the fashionable surgeon should retain his popularity, when he so frequently cuts his friends.

It must not be supposed that all the advocates of "signed articles" are in sympathy with puristic performances.

Mr. Frederick Bodenham, clerk of the peace of Hereford city, and a member of the Herefordshire C.C., has died from paralysis of the brain.

There is, ladies readers may be assured, a decided tendency in fashionable circles to return to the becoming princess bonnet, which fits closely to the head.

The fashion of fur-trimmed dresses is likely to find favour during the coming winter, especially since its adoption by Miss Ada Rehan in the dresses worn by her in "The Last Word."

P. D. Armour, the Yankee millionaire, is said to be the largest individual commercial operator in the world. Last year his transactions reached an aggregate of some twelve millions sterling.

Suicide is very rare in the European armies among the men who have been sentenced to different terms of imprisonment, but is frequent among the men awaiting trial by court martial.

It is averred that Sir A. Harris, during his recent visit to Craig-y-Nos Castle, offered to Madame Patti £300 a night for a limited number of performances at Covent Garden next season.

The forest areas of Germany are returned as follows—Prussia, 6,000,000 acres; Bavaria, 2,300,000 acres; Wurtemburg, 470,000 acres; Saxony, 416,000 acres; and Baden, 235,000 acres.

In 1889 the total extent of railway line existing in the world amounted to 195,767 kilomètres, and of that length the United States possessed 239,687 kilomètres, or very little short of one-half.

A proclamation is published in the Gazette further pronouncing Parliament from the 20th of October to Thursday, the 10th of December. The convocations of Canterbury and York are prorogued to the 11th of December.

Mr. John Morley has accepted the invitation of the president of the Manchester Reform Club, Sir Henry Boscoe, to speak at the guest of the club on Monday, the 26th of October, and to deliver an address to the members.

The Speaker's notice of his intention to issue his warrant to the clerk of the Crown to make out a new writ for the election of a member to serve in Parliament for the University of Cambridge, at the end of six days, appears in last night's *Gazette*.

At the Spalding Police Court, Robert Welbourne, living near Spalding, was sent to prison for ten days for robbing his wife. The prisoner stole some fowls belonging to his wife, with whom he had not been living for some years.

Some sensation has been produced in Berlin by the appearance of an article in the *Franziskaner Volksblatt*, a Catholic paper, published at Wuerzburg, proposing the disintegration of the German empire and the re-establishment of the presidency of the Emperor of Austria.

The figures as to the number of passengers carried by the United States railroads in a year resemble more the tremendous totals with which astronomical lecturers are wont to tickle the ears of the gaudlings than any real mundane event; the total for 1890 being 200,439,032.

Miss Ellen Terry has started a curious fashion in gloves at Bristol. During the entertainments given in her honour at the place where her earliest successes were won Miss Terry wore long black gloves, keeping them on all the time. The fashion, if adopted, will have a somewhat depressing effect in a large company of ladies.

A movement has been started to raise funds for the restoration of the interesting little thirteenth century church of Oaks, Somerset. Among the subscribers are the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Dean of Wells, Archdeacon Denison, Canon Twells, Mr. A. P. Allsopp, M.P., the Countess of Portarlington, Lady Duncombe, Lady Oglester, the Hon. Mrs. Holmes & Court, and Lady Glass.

At a meeting held in the Cardiff Town Hall it was resolved to publicly commemorate the distinguished services of the Marquis of Bute to Cardiff during the year of his mayoralty. It is proposed to erect a statue in his lordship's honour, and a desire was expressed that the trade unions and friendly societies should co-operate with the representative committee appointed to carry out the scheme.

The two ladies who last week entered the lake at Clissold Park up to their armpits in order to save two children who had been thrown into the water from a runaway perambulator, have been ascertained to be Mrs. A. H. Baxter of 46, Lordship-road, and Miss Robeson of 44, Wilberforce-road, Finchley Park. Both ladies have suffered from the immersion, but not seriously, and the children have now recovered.

The mystery relating to the death of a Liverpool visitor to Matlock is supposed to have been dispelled by the discovery of the skeleton of a man at the base of the High Tor, a rock rising 400ft. above the valley of the River Derwent. Very little remains except the bones and the hat and boots. Twelve months ago a visitor was reported missing, and he was last seen in the neighbourhood of the rock.

Ladies may be interested in a description of the wonderful Japanese tea gown worn by Miss Ada Rehan in the second act of "The Last Word." It is of flame-coloured satin, embroidered with gold and coloured flowers. The bodice opens over a full waistcoat and puffed sleeves of white silk muslin, and is clasped at the waist with a huge carbuncle set in diamonds. The whole is veiled in soft grey crepe, pulled in on the shoulders and at the waist, and the full beauty of the underdress seen only when the wearer suddenly throws up her arms in one of her most effective scenes.

"One Sunday," recently remarked Mr. Chancery Depew, the well-known American orator, "I traversed the Whitechapel district, and I saw a sight it is impossible to see anywhere else in the world. Such poverty, such misery, such wretchedness, such a seething furnace of ignorance and all the attendants upon it. I never saw before and never expect to see again. I felt that that great city, with its magnificent palaces, with every evidence in part of it of the largest wealth and the greatest luxury, rests upon a volcano which only needs the force of civilization to loosen

upon it, and produce a catastrophe which would shock the world."

William Black, the novelist, is a keen boxer.

Mr. John Dillon's hair became very grey during his last imprisonment.

Mr. George Meredith is at present exclusively devoting himself to poetry.

A Madrid tramway company has decided to adopt electric traction in preference to using horses.

It is a noteworthy fact that the suicides in the French Army are nearly double what they were two years ago.

"I have no more intention of giving up cricket," writes Mr. W. G. Grace, "than I had twenty years ago."

Mr. H. A. Jones's new play is a story of modern London life. The action is, it is said, confined to the metropolis and its suburbs.

A recent visitor from Chicago, who went all over Whitechapel, said he had seen nothing in it so bad as to be found in some parts of Chicago.

Princess Helena of Montenegro, who, rumour has it, is to be betrothed to the boy King of Servia, will celebrate her 18th birthday in January next.

Since the mayorality of Sir Thomas White no chief magistrate has had so large a number of nominations to the City lieutenancy as the present Lord Mayor.

At this moment there are hundreds of tons of plums within a circuit of forty miles of London which are going to waste because it will not pay to bring them to market.

Stated in the broadest possible way, the United States possesses 100,000 miles of railway more than the mileage throughout the entire empire of Great Britain.

The parents of Miss May Adams, of Woodland, California, refused to assent to her marriage with John Montgomery. The refusal had a tragic sequel. Montgomery killed both the girl and himself.

The Rev. John M'Nall has been telling the Chicago people what he thinks of their city—

"It not only impressed me, but depressed me. There is room there for any amount of preaching."

The question of providing sleeping accommodation for third class passengers on the long journeys of the East Coast route is under the consideration of the directors of the Great Northern Railway Company.

Thirty-three countries are participating in the Salvation Army "week of self-denial," which, during the single week, is likely to produce no less than £40,000, nearly half of which will be contributed in the United Kingdom.

Henry Altmeier, of St. Louis, was drunk when he met Henry Olegis. A word or two was exchanged, and then Olegis fell dead-shot by Altmeier. Sobered by his terrible end, Altmeier, in a moment of remorse, ended his own life.

At the South Queensferry end of the Forth Bridge on Tuesday afternoon three men were blown by a sudden gust of wind from a stanchion to the ground, falling a distance of 150ft. Two of the men were killed on the spot, and the third died a few minutes afterwards.

In the Austrian Army there have been, on the average, 131 suicides per 100,000 men during the last five years. The suicides were equal to a fifth of the total mortality of the Army during this period, and more deaths were due to this than to typhoid fever, pneumonia, or consumption.

It is still possible to buy adwows—s——and at a very reduced price. At East Dereham two Norfolk rectories were then disposed of at about one year's purchase of their stipends. One, which was sold for £250, although its income from tithes is nominally £200, is said to have cost £35,000 twenty-seven years ago.

The other night a burglary was committed in the chateau of Moncauter, near Vouzy, in Touraine, which belongs to M. Konigswarter, a banker of Paris. All the plate in the house was stolen, and the burglars are still at liberty with their booty, the value of which is estimated at £2,400.

The Board of Agriculture have modified the provisions of the muzzling order in the county of Hants and in the boroughs of Southampton, Portsmouth, and Winchester, whereby the muzzling of dogs is rendered unnecessary provided the animals have on collars upon which are engraved the names and addresses of their owners.

Seventeen bookmakers were arrested on the Longchamps racecourse. Among them were four Germans, one of whom, on being apprehended, threw all the money he had about him among the crowd, exclaiming, "The Government shall not have the money, anyhow." There being several gold coins among the money thus thrown, the crowd swooped down on them, and they disappeared like magic.

A fatal boat accident occurred at Ilfracombe on Tuesday. Frederick Davis and William Barberay went out in the Selina to pilot the steamer Carnow, of Hoyte, into harbour. A strong wind was blowing at the time. The Carnow, however, did not require their services, and the two men allowed their boat to be towed in by the steamer. The towing rope broke, and the Selina was capsized. Barberay was picked up by another boat, but Davis, who was a cripple, sank and was drowned.

A large bazaar is to be held in London next month, under the auspices of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, in order to pay off the debt occasioned by enlarging the club premises in the Morley Rooms, John-street, Bedford-row, established for the accommodation of girls engaged in restaurant or bar work and having no home in the metropolis. Lady Edith Asquith, Lady Kinnaird, and Lady Wolverton are members of the committee. The club is doing a great deal of good among the class for whose benefit it is intended.

Mrs. De Courcy, in presiding over a meeting of laundrywomen in the Bell-street Liberal Club, Edgware-road, drew a sorrowful picture of the hard lot of those whose fate had led them to the wash tub. She declared that the majority of people in London were absolutely unaware of the terrible conditions under which laundresses laboured. A resolution, asking the Government to include the laundresses under the Factory Act, was moved by Mrs. Roberts, seconded by Mrs. Hutchinson, and carried unanimously.

When the London County Council re-assembled on Tuesday after the recess, Sir John Lubbock, who presided, announced that next month he intended to place his resignation in the hands of the clerk. Sir John stated that his resignation was partly on private grounds, but also because he thought the chairman should hold office, not by technical right, but by the wish and support of his colleagues, and that the office should be annual. Sir T. Farrer, the vice-chairman, also announced that he intended to resign for the same reasons.

The estate of Duxbury, near Chorley, celebrated as the home of Miles Standish, made famous by Longfellow, has been the scene of a fierce fight for the possession of the mansion. An old man, named Hall, of Wigan, claims possession as a lineal descendant of Francis Hall Standish, who died at Cadiz in 1841. The claimant asserts that he has been kept out of the property by fraud. He managed, by stratagem, to get possession of the hall on Monday night, but was, with his supporters,

quickly ousted by the farmers and labourers. Litigation is expected to follow.

The advocates of nicotine claim that in the great epidemics of 1832 and 1847 not one single tobacconist, either in London or Paris, died of Asiatic cholera.

The records of the Scots Greys, the colonelcy of which has just become vacant, include all Marlborough's battles, as well as Waterloo and those of the Crimea.

Sir J. Gorst was so impressed with what he saw in his travels in Ireland that he wants time to think the subject out before giving his full impressions to the public.

We had thought that influenza had been banished from London. However, the registrar-general reports that last week there were four deaths in the metropolis from this cause.

The new free library at Newton Heath was formally opened by the mayor of Manchester. Mr. J. W. Southern, chairman of the Public Free Libraries Committee, and other gentlemen took part in the ceremony.

Mr. Percival, Sir Dillon Bell's successor as agent-general for New Zealand in London, is the grand nephew of Mr. Spencer Percival, the Prime Minister who was assassinated in the House of Commons by Bellingham.

There is bad news for sardine eaters; the mackerel is getting scarce. But there is no need for alarm among sardine merchants; there are still as good and as many sprats in the sea as ever came out of it.

Competition is keen in the local politics of the States. A candidate for a county clerkship in Texas recently offered to register marriages gratis, whereupon his rival agreed to do the same—with a cradle thrown in.

It is calculated that one-third of the crime committed in London is perpetrated on Saturday nights. Saturday, you see, is the day on which most London workers draw their weekly supply of the root of all evil.

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After his first love affair a young man may be said to have cut his wisdom teeth.

Strangely enough it is the girl with an angular form who fails to catch her fish.

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TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER.

By LARRY LYNN.

Comments of this article about racehorses that the opinions of the racing experts expressed therein are given upon the relative merits of the horses engaged in a specific race, and may often determine the market against a horse, and other important occurrences in the market against a horse, which have happened in connection with the horse which affects the opinion held of him by "Larry Lynn" prior to going to press.

To year true sportsman the advent of hale October, when October is hale, and not chill, as depicted in Millais's wonderful picture, begins with a longing for a day or two with "the longtolls," and many a proud cock plumed sang his swan song in the Mandale Bottoms, near Newmarket, on the "glorious M." Regular habitués of the Newmarket meetings assembled at headquarters during the week just sped, but the general followers of racing gave the metropolis of the turf rather a wide berth, and it must be confessed that the "First October" only commanded an equivocal success so far as the attendance was concerned. Racing men were seeking the Phasianus colchicus in other coverts than those near Newmarket and the three counties in which the quaint old town is situated, and so the attendances were diminuted on the small side.

The superb victory of Signorina in the Lancashire Plate on Saturday last has naturally brought her to the top of the Cambridgeshire wagering. After a lot of money was laid out on her on Monday last, there were signs of hostility evinced towards her on Tuesday, but while the mare keeps fit and well she will have a host of friends, for the British public love the peerless filly, who is, in her two-year-old career, was a phenomenal flyer, and what is more, they are sure to stand by the Chevalier Ministrilli, whose sentimental affection for his bonnie daughter of St. Simon is so well known. The hostility shown by the pencilers on Tuesday towards her doubtless arose through her owner's reminder, given to the world some little time ago, to the effect that the mare had other engagements to fulfil besides the Cambridgeshire. But, if she is fit on the day, no doubt her supporters will have a run for their money, as the Chevalier is so good a sportman, and with a run she should nearly win. She was heavily backed again on Wednesday. Strong tips to hand are those concerning Comedy and Blue Green.

Victorius still occupies his position as first favourite for the Cesarewitch, and it is now said that he was but half trained when he ran fourth last year. At Leicester I certainly think he was tiring away at the finish, and on that account I take leave to doubt his ability to stay right home from the Bushes. That Morion is well up now, and the top-weight will take a lot of beating, despite his heavy burden. There is no more genuine candidate in the market just now than Plato, and he has been well backed. Old Boots should turn out Colonial North's best.

Mr. Maple has determined to send Common to the stud next season. We know so little of cup horses in our days that not a few old-fashioned sportsmen would have been pleased to see such a stayer as Common have a shy at some of the time-honoured cup races, but Mr. Maple is probably right in sending his triple crowned hero into paddock life flushed with victory.

Since writing the above I learn that Mr. Blundell Maple is willing to delay Common's retirement to paddock life for a season providing Major Joicey will pit Queen's Birthday against him. Mr. Maple will match Common at weight for age against Queen's Birthday in two matches, each for £10,000 a side, half forfeit, the first to be run over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch course on May 1st, 1892 (the day after the Two Thousand); and the second over the Derby course at Epsom, on June 2nd (the day after next year's Derby). If Major Joicey cares to pick up the gauntlet, we shall see the most exciting match that has ever been recorded on the British turf since the famous equine battle between the Flying Dutchman and Voltigour. Should Major Joicey not respond to the challenge, Common will go to the stud, as above stated.

Some of the bookmakers in Boulogne-sure-Mer have been made the victims of serious frauds of late. Cheques sent to winning punters have been altered by means of chemicals into larger amounts, and one firm who sent a cheque for £1 1s. to a client had a serious loss. The figures were obliterated and the amount altered to £1,300, and what is more, the thieves cashed the cheque.

Rain on Tuesday night simply helped to bring the most beautiful galloping ground in England to perfection, and another glorious autumnal day followed those who were present during the second stage of the fixture. The chief event, the Great Eastern Handicap, brought a field of seventeen starters, and of these Iddesleigh decidedly carried most money. There was a long delay at the post, and the start of the race was a startling turn-up. Lord Primrose cut out the work from flag fall and led all the way. At the Bushes Iddesleigh improved his position, and the jackets of Bel Demonic, Charm, and John Morgan became prominent. Iddesleigh could not get an opening, and John Morgan, who on this occasion was on his best behaviour, chased her ladyship home. Lady Primrose first caught the judge's eye and received the three-quarters of a length verdict from John Morgan, with Iddesleigh next, and Ben Hur fourth. The winner was prominently objected to for crossing and boring, and after hearing the evidence the judges presented the race to John Morgan, and Ben Hur became entitled to a situation through having been placed fourth by the judge.

Fields in other events on Wednesday, with the exception of the Welter Handicap, won by Antony, who after eleven previous unsuccessful endeavours earned a pair of brackets, were on the small side, and backers must again have had a bad day. Odds were betted on Gainsborough Trinity, they themselves could scarcely have expected to come off with much less than half a dozen goals against them. But one or two judicious changes in the team—notably the replacement of Peter Conolly at full back—worked wonders, operating, as they did, in conjunction with a somewhat half-hearted effort by the Throstles, otherwise West Bromwich Albion. The latter have made such a comparatively good fight in League matches that their reputation has been greatly enhanced, and by drawing with them the Arseals correspondingly profit in public estimation.

Candour compels me, however, to admit the belief that the West Bromwich lads were greatly below par. When they reached Chatham on the Monday they could not even draw with the club there, but sustained defeat by two goals to one. I have no wish to denigrate Chatham by any means; on the other hand, I am proud to see some southern teams at least, holding their own with the great guns of more northerly climes, but no one will convince me that either Royal Arsenal or Sophismus, odds betted on Gossoon for the Hopeful Stakes were upset by St. Angelo, a 7 to 1 chance; and then there was a capital finish in the Granby Plate, won by Double Event, who—as did her sire, St. Gatien, and her dam, Florence, before her—carried Mr. Hammond's colours. This filly is, by her pedigree, aptly named, as St. Gatien won the Cesarewitch and Florence the Cambridge-shire for Mr. Hammond. Springaway bowled over another good favourite in Great for the Second Nursery Handicap, and Posy, by landing the Badminton hoops victorious in the Seventh Zetland Stakes, brought the plungers to grief.

The third day's racing at Newmarket was marked by villainous weather, and after the third race a heavy rain set in, which continued until far into the night. Curiously enough, the field for the Newmarket October Handicap numbered exactly the same that which contested the Great Eastern Handicap on the previous day, and the winner, Dearest, who won her race in resolute fashion—having all the best of the weights from Melody—started a 10 to 1 chance, as did John Morgan. Mr. Noel Fenwick scored twice with Mimi and Gantlet, who, it will be remembered, ran third to Priestess at Doncaster. M. Cannon was in great form, as he won the Forty-fourth Triennial Produce Stakes on Broad Corrie and the Rutland Plate on El Diablo. Henry VIII. had little difficulty in appropriating the Grand Duke Michael Stakes; and Clunton accounted for the Double Trial Plate, but not before he had run the gauntlet of an objection lodged against him

on account of his jockey, Griffiths, removing the blinker after the horse had been weighed out for. M. Cannon, by his two victories, drew level with George Barrett in the list of winning jockeys for the season, and until the curtain falls at Manchester the competition between these leading horsemen will be keenly watched.

On Friday the weather turned out during the racing beautifully fine, and possibly the leading incident of an over-crowded card was the début of Watercress. This son of Springfield came with a grand flourish of trumpets from Kingclere, but Baron de Hirsch's little colt clung to him, and the colt was unable to obtain a situation in the Royal Memorial Stakes behind Galope and Dunure. Oviston won the Newmarket St. Leger after making the running, by a head from Kirkstall. Toy proved a good thing for the Apprentices' Plate; Conrad fairly ran away with the Division Plate, and the Scary Nursery fell to Billions. Other races were won by Vampire and Jodel.

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With the London Athletic Club's autumn meeting on Saturday last, the athletic season proper of 1891 may be fairly said to have come to an end. There are, of course, certain athletic sports yet to be decided, and at one or two of them performances out of the common may possibly arise, for the simple reason that the really good men, who have been running all the summer, are still left in.

This said season, it must be confessed, has been a particularly successful one. The visit of the Manhattans gave a fillip to English sport which twelve months previously had barely been expected. How far our visitors upheld the reputation which had preceded them must be a matter of opinion. Most people, however, would probably admit that what the Americans did was well worthy of their reputation on the other side. In Luther Cary an undeniably speedy sprinter visited our shores. The only regret with reference to him was that he did not show his paces in the London district. Our provincial friends, however, had ample opportunity of witnessing his powers, and they are such good judges of sprinting ability that whatever they may say with reference to his sprinting capacity should pass unchallenged.

Nicholl and Lange (the latter of whom we had previously seen in England, and the former of whom is said to be a near relation of a well-known English pedestrian in the Plumstead district) both showed good form, although we were able to produce a man to beat them. Their opponent, however, has since apparently thrown in his lot with theirs, and it is under the Manhattan banner that we now find our English champion, H. Curtis, competing.

The shot-putting, hammer-throwing, and weight-propelling propensities of our transatlantic brethren, as evidenced by the feats of C. A. J. Quackenbush, were also of a very high order; but it must be confessed that the latter phase of athleticism had no great or seductive charms for our athletic enthusiasts over here.

Turning to the meeting which I have instanced as practically closing the English athletic season, it must be admitted that a more fitting ending could scarcely be desired.

Inasmuch as the premier athletic body practically opens the ball, so it is only meet that its last athletic gathering should be deemed the most important of such as are near the season's end.

The performances were of the usually good class, although it must be confessed that no previous bests were beat. Perhaps the most noteworthy item of all was E. H. Felling's re-appearance upon the path. Like many other good men, however, who have emerged from temporary retirement, he was fated to be beaten, the race in which he competed being won by J. P. Shuter, who thereby again qualified for temporary possession of the quarter of a mile challenge cup of the L.A.C.

Road cycling races during the past season have attracted some attention. Notwithstanding the edict of the N.C.U., they seem to be, if possible, more popular than ever.

Somewhat of a damper, however, was thrown upon the doings of this fraternity which occurred in connection with the twenty-five miles race of the South Roads Club. From what I can gather, a horse took flight whilst the eleven competitors were speeding on their way. The result was a fearful collision and a terrible mix up of men, horse, and machines. Three of the riders are said to be still lying in hospital from the result of their injuries, while the horse came so badly out of the conflict that he had to be shot. It is not nice to taste the bitters of defeat, we can well afford to congratulate our American cousins, who have beaten us at our game. They have, indeed, some fine batmen in Messrs. Patterson, Brown, and Crawford-Coates.

After Mr. C. G. Thiselton, the captain, had again won the Silverdale Cycling Club's ten miles championship road race for the prize given by Mr. H. F. Moore, the president, he went over the course the following day, and rode the distance in 31min. sec., beating his previous best time by 2sec.

The Royal Arsenal, by their capital display against West Bromwich Albion, did a great deal to atone for the very poor form they had been showing previous to that encounter.

After cutting such a sorry figure against Gainsborough Trinity, they themselves could scarcely have expected to come off with much less than half a dozen goals against them. But one or two judicious changes in the team—notably the replacement of Peter Conolly at full back—worked wonders, operating, as they did, in conjunction with a somewhat half-hearted effort by the Throstles, otherwise West Bromwich Albion.

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always does make a good show against Ashton. A third draw was that between Wolverhampton Wanderers and Darwen, at M. Cannon, by his two victories, drew level with George Barrett in the list of winning jockeys for the season, and until the curtain falls at Manchester the competition between these leading horsemen will be keenly watched.

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Aston Villa contained their splendid career by beating Sunderland on Monday. If they go on like this there will be no holding them now of Perry. But after a hit. The Bolton Wanderers and Aston Villa have now won all four League matches in which they have played, and on points are level, but the Birmingham lads take pride of place on a slightly better goal average.

It is curious to note that these, the only unbroken League clubs, do not meet until the end of January. A match between them at this juncture would evoke tremendous enthusiasm. Sheffield United sustained

their first defeat at the hands of Preston North End on Monday, a feather in the Notts Forest, another club going very strongly, did what few English

clubs have done, defeated Queen's Park at Glasgow on Saturday.

I was greatly disappointed with the play of Clapton on Saturday. They seemed to have Bexley cornered. In the early part of the match, and scored a couple of goals in the first twenty minutes. After that? "Oh, what a falling off was there!" Bexton won by four goals to two. Cradoc satisfactorily accounted for Reigate Priory, beaten them by four goals to two. Marlow lost one goal to Casuals by two goals to one, and Tunbridge Wells by nine to one. Old Fosters were almost as severe against Old Wyekehamists, whom they defeated by eight goals to one, and Old Westminsters showed themselves far better than the present Westminsters by five goals to nothing.

MOST UNHAPPY.

Mrs. Ward had suffered so much that her health was greatly enfeebled. In November, 1889, the complainant, who was then living in York, determined to go to London in consequence of a letter she received from her husband to the effect that he was going abroad.

She arrived at Malton House, in the neighbourhood of St. Margaret's, where he was living, late at night. He pushed her down the steps, but she went back to the door, rang the bell, and a crowd soon assembled.

It was determined to give her the benefit of such improvements, or by some other means, so that the whole of the burden shall not fall upon the occupier."

He maintained that the present council, just on the eve of his death, had no right to commit the rates to the large expenditure involved in the recommendations of the committee.

Mr. Austin seconded the amendment. He thought the time was very near when

THE QUEEN'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

At a meeting of the London County Council, at the Vicarage, Chelsea, on the body of William Vincent Holton, aged 11, the son of a commission agent, residing at 8, Grosvenor-road, Fulham—Dr. A. Gale, the house-surgeon, deposed that the deceased suffered from a cleft palate, and in May last he came to the hospital, where he was placed under chloroform, and an operation was successfully performed. It was found that a small part of the palate had not healed, and on September 26th another operation was necessary.

Witness administered chloroform, and gave him 90 minims on lint in the usual way.

He died from failure of respiration owing to congestion of the lungs, set up by inhalation of chloroform. The heart and other organs were perfectly healthy.—By the Jury. No similar case had before happened at the hospital. The operation was performed under the personal direction of Dr. Pickwick, the chief surgeon.—The jury returned a verdict of death from misadventure adding that there was want of care on the part of the surgeons.

DEATH UNDER CHLOROFORM.

Dr. Diplock held an inquest at the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, on the body of William Vincent Holton, aged 11, the son of a commission agent, residing at 8, Grosvenor-road, Fulham—Dr. A. Gale, the house-surgeon, deposed that the deceased suffered from a cleft palate, and in May last he came to the hospital, where he was placed under chloroform, and an operation was successfully performed. It was found that a small part of the palate had not healed, and on September 26th another operation was necessary. Witness administered chloroform, and gave him 90 minims on lint in the usual way. In less than a quarter of an hour the boy's breathing became very low, and then suddenly ceased. Artificial means were resorted to, but to no purpose. The operation on the throat had not been performed. A post mortem examination revealed that the deceased had died from failure of respiration owing to congestion of the lungs, set up by inhalation of chloroform. The heart and other organs were perfectly healthy.—By the Jury. No similar case had before happened at the hospital. The operation was performed under the personal direction of Dr. Pickwick, the chief surgeon.—The jury returned a verdict of death from misadventure adding that there was want of care on the part of the surgeons.

Chicago is much impressed by the British interest which is being taken in the success of the World's Fair.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. For Tired Liver and Headache.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Regulate Liver and Bowels.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Promote Digestion.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Homoeopathic in Size.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Allopathic in Action.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Sugar Coated.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. You Can't Help Likin' Them.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are so Very Small.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. And their Action is Perfect.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. One After Eating.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Relieves Dyspepsia.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Give Tone and Vigour to the System.

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VOLUNTEER GOSSIP.

[General notices intended for this column should be forwarded to the office not later than 4 p.m. on Saturday.]

In some months since I ventured to call out a new field for Volunteer effort in the service of our country. Doubtless many who read this column will be surprised at such a trifling too fast. But Mr. Maxim has a genuine belief in the utility of his invention. According to his idea, dynamite in future will be dropped down from the clouds on towns and cities, and come to us between hostile forces may perhaps be caught in the air. What extraordinary events do occur nowadys, and perhaps after all there may be some merit in Mr. Maxim's invention; but of one thing I am pretty sure, and that is that so long as the State is at the head of our Army, there is very little chance of a large Regatta being allowed to experimentalise in this direction. Only Volunteers would be allowed to do such work. What a wonderful field of enterprise is, therefore, open to our branch of the service, and what a lot of "knobs" should we gain if we were successful! I wonder who will be the first to volunteer for this work? Sure! Undoubtedly, for they would be wanted on earth.

SOCIETY GOSSIP. (From the World.)

Although the weather has been wet and very stormy the Queen has had several excursions during the last ten days, including visits to the chateau in Gien, Tiffey, and to the Chateau de Chantilly on the shores of the Marne, and there was a great deal of pleasure in these places. The Queen had a private "gathering" in one of the "grass parks" at Balham the other day, at which the various games were keenly contested, the competitors being either tenants or employees on the Balham estate. A small affair, for which not a single invitation was sent out, and only the royalties and the household were present. The Queen gave prizes to the value of £30.

The death of the Grand Duchess Paul has given a sad blow to the Princess of Wales in the formation of a group which are termed the Grandees. The number of men comprising the unit is from eight to ten. Sir Evelyn's organisation is that it should be fitted to a company as follows:—If the section consists of not more than four men, it will form the first unit. When, however, the section is composed of more than four men it is to be divided into two sub-sections, and these sub-sections are the fire units.

A contemporary remarks that it will be very difficult to apply such a system to the Volunteers, as the Queen's section is to be formed with great irregularity, and that it will be found impossible to carry it out in the drill shed. Its virtue consists in giving a command to a non-commissioned officer, who in future, will have a greater personal interest than hitherto in getting his section up to drill. Its introduction will require a good deal of careful consideration.

There are now only four weeks left to the end of the shooting season. In that time all the little marksmen will have to finish their class, and, if you live, you will be pained on not being in the list. Some questions are already of opinion that when all returns are sent in, the Prince of Wales will probably proceed to Denmark in the autumn, and will form the fire unit. When, however, the section is composed of more than four men it is to be divided into two sub-sections, and these sub-sections are the fire units.

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Although we shall not hear much of shooting contests after this week, we may regard the last season, although in the latter portion of it the little marksmen did good scores being made, as a highly successful one. It is true that the number of names which have been few, but then it must be remembered that it is the few who lead the many, and that the handsome prince which fall to the lot of others are far from the rank and file, and do likewise." Still, the King and Queen prefer to see more encouragement given to regimental shooting and to hear that many men who are crowned with years and honours have retired in favour of younger competitors.

Things have been very quiet during the week, and chiefly confined to the ordinary classing. In many instances men have had to travel long distances to the firing points. Such has particularly been the case with corps who used to use the Park range. Owing, however, to the change of the charge of the "Child" Hill range this difficulty has, to some extent, been overcome; but the most recent action has been necessary to prevent the clashing of dates, and in making such arrangements as were necessary to enable corps using the range to have unopposed possession for a time. I am glad to be able to state the Tottenham range will be ready for use at the opening of the next shooting season.

It was late last week when one heard the St. George's Challenge Cup, won by Queen's Master-servant Pickwick, a gentleman who has long held a prominent place in shooting circles, and that the Queen's Westminster won the inter-masonic rifle match from their opponents, the London Rifle Brigade, the Lancashire Scottish, and the Birmingham Rifles. There was nothing of any special interest in either of these contests, the score made being hardly up to the average.

I wonder when "My Lords" will make up their minds what to do with the R.N.A.S. Voluntary Militia. They have decided that the conclusion they are not fitted for their work, but still they keep them on, and allow inspections, and drills, and cruises to go on just as though their death warrant had not been signed. The London detachment appears to be the little disturbance which affected for the time being so many of the men a year or so ago, and from all sides come good reports of the provincial detachments, all of which seem to be most anxious in the person of their officers to be charged with "Child" Hill range this difficulty has, to some extent, been overcome; but the most recent action has been necessary to prevent the clashing of dates, and in making such arrangements as were necessary to enable corps using the range to have unopposed possession for a time. I am glad to be able to state the Tottenham range will be ready for use at the opening of the next shooting season.

The following particulars are taken from the Kentish Observer.—Picking is almost over in some places, while in others the work is delayed by the smallness of the hops. Good samples have been secured during the last week where the wind has not done much damage, and in most cases the hops are pretty full of condition. As was generally expected from the appearance of the hops before picking, some of the best samples yet shown have been grown in the Ashford district. While the quantity is disappointing, the quality of some growth is very good. One growth of Bramlings has been sold for 47, and 48 lbs. was made last week for a very bright sample of Fuggles, and we bear that a further consignment from the same grower has been sold for 47 per cwt. At Frittenham, Staplehurst, and Marden the picking will last for nearly another fortnight. The hops there sold from £10 to £20 and £5 lbs., and some have fetched £6. At Bevenden, Rovenden, Hawkhurst, and Sandhurst there will be about six days' more picking. Several samples have fetched £4 to £5. The tall through the district averages between six and seven bushels to the shilling. From the Wye and Boughton Alupha districts it is stated that there has seldom been a more disappointing result both as regards quantity and price. The hops have cost as much as last year to pick, and are selling at about half the money, although they have a great deal more condition in them. There will be about half the quantity of hops grown that were predicted in these parishes on St. James's Day. In Sussex an increase of pickers is sought for in a number of gardens, and the hops now being picked from certain of them are fast losing colour, while in others they are coming down both bright and good. The crop will prove very short of expectations and inferior in quality, there having been no influence from the sun to mature them.

With regard to shooting, the championship for the Northern Counties Rifle Club for 1891 has been won by Captain J. C. Smith, South Shields. There has been thirty-one shots, and the championship was awarded to the competitor who made the best aggregate of seven out of these shots. Borwick's score was a very creditable one, consisting as it did of 82, 90, 82, 80, and 80. That reminds me of an incident in the life of a young man of the St. George's Rifle Club who has been won by Private T. S. Macrae, with the fine aggregate in seven shots of 86 points, or an average of nearly 91.

Many complaints have of late been

made to the inferiority of the powder

used out to volunteers at trials meetings, but it appears now that this is accounted for owing to the ammunition being taken out of store.

There is no accounting for how long it may have been laid by Mr. Woolwich or Woolwich; a mark is made on the authorities, and forward, some distance from the gunpowder magazines. If the N.E.A. like to buy cheaper stuff, let them by all means do so; but at the same time they ought to put up a notice, somewhat similar to that which many publicans do with regard to the dilution of spirits. "Not responsible for the strength of the powder."

ELMAZ.

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Although the weather has been wet and very stormy the Queen has had several excursions during the last ten days, including visits to the chateau in Gien, Tiffey, and to the Chateau de Chantilly on the shores of the Marne, and there was a great deal of pleasure in these places.

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There are now only four weeks left to

SPORTS OF THE PEOPLE.

(The Events of the Week up to Thursday Night will be found in "Lucky Liar's Article.]

RACING.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

T H U R S D A Y,

THE SECOND YEAR OF THE SIXTEEN STAKES.—Minal, 5st 1lb (Mr. J. Nichols); 1; Bonaventure, 5st 1lb (G. Loxton); 2. Two ran. Betting: 4 to 1 against Minal.

THE DOUBLE TRIAL PLATE.—Cloughmore, 5st 1lb (J. G. Green); 1; Carolina, 5st 1lb (R. Smith); 2. Two ran. Betting: 9 to 4 against Cloughmore, and 5 to 1 against Carolina.

THE NEWMARKET OCTOBER HANDICAP of £1000 (over 1½ miles 11 yards). Mr. W. de la Poer's Dearest, 5st 1lb (Mr. G. Chaloner); 1; Whistper, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 2; King Oak, 7st 1lb (G. Barrett); 3. Five ran. Betting: 11 to 10 against King Oak, and 5 to 1 against Whistper.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE FORTY-FOURTH TRIMESTRAL PLACES.—Broad Corrie, 5st 1lb (M. Cannon); 1; Carrilane, 5st (J. Wattie); 2; Shining Star, 5st 1lb (J. Wattie); 3. Six ran. Betting: 10 to 1 against Carrilane, and Broad Corrie, and 6 to 5 against Shining Star.

THE SHAWFIELD STAKES.—Gantlet, 5st 1lb (Nicholas); 1; Whistper, 5st 1lb (G. Chaloner); 2; King Oak, 7st 1lb (G. Barrett); 3. Five ran. Betting: 11 to 10 against King Oak, and 5 to 1 against Whistper, and 7 to 1 against Gantlet.

THE NEWMARKET OCTOBER HANDICAP of £1000 (over 1½ miles 11 yards). Mr. W. de la Poer's Dearest, 5st 1lb (Mr. G. Chaloner); 1;

Mr. D. Cooper's Melody, 5st 1lb (Mr. G. Chaloner); 2; King Oak, 7st 1lb (G. Barrett); 3. Five ran. Betting: 11 to 10 against King Oak, and 5 to 1 against Whistper, and 7 to 1 against Gantlet.

WEIGHTS.—**THE SANDOWN AUTUMN HANDICAP** (One mile)—Workington, 5st 1lb; Heathfield, 4st 1lb; Grange, 5st 1lb; Orme, 5st; Westmoor, 5st; Tynemouth, 5st; Priory, 5st 1lb; Blyth, 5st; Newcastle, 5st; Gateshead, 5st 1lb; Millom, 5st 1lb; Kilowall, 7st 1lb; Golden Syre, 7st 1lb; Arturo, 7st 1lb; Beaufort, 7st 1lb; Queen, 7st 1lb; Dry Toast, 4st 1lb; World's Wine, 6st; Donibristle, 6st; Glendale, 6st; Sir John, 6st; Tynemouth, 6st; Lifeguards, 6st; Sir George, 6st; Queen, 6st; Coventry, 6st; Gloucester, 6st; Gloucester, 6st; Pilgrim's Progress, 6st 1lb; Knab, 6st; Queen Bathside, 6st; County Council, 6st; Euclid, 6st; Persicaria, 6st; Grove, 6st 1lb; Queen, 6st; Queen Bathside, 6st; May Duke, 6st 1lb; Rover, 6st; Myrtle, 6st; Thesaurus, 7st 1lb; Martin Morgan, 7st 1lb; Clarence, 7st 1lb; Tarzan, Tupper, 7st 1lb; Torador, 7st 1lb; Lower Boy, Banner, 7st 1lb; Woolwich, 7st 1lb; Lady K., 7st 1lb; Sir 7st 1lb; Flora, 7st 1lb; Bredy, 7st 1lb; Lower Boy, 7st 1lb; May Rose, 7st 1lb; Monicas, 7st 1lb; Pampas, 6st; Bloddy, 6st; Moche, 6st; Miss Pennington, 6st 1lb; Oberland, 6st 1lb; Crichton, 6st.

Winner trained by Jewitt.

Betting: 6 to 1 against King Oak, Bracken, and Gateshead; 6 to 1 each against Dry Toast, First Corrie, and Shining Star, and 5 to 1 against Melody, Shining Star, and Blyth, and 6 to 5 each against Carolina, and Isolation, and 20 to 1 against Sabrina and Evergreen. Sabrina, on the right, jumped off clear of Shining Star, with First Corrie, Dearest, Carrilane, and Blyth in the centre, and Melody, Shining Star, and Isolation in the rear. The race continued to show the way to the Dip, where Dearest came away, followed by Melody and Shining Star, and won by three parts of a length; next divided the second and third, Sabrina was fourth, Blyth fifth, Dry Toast sixth, Shining Star seventh, Evergreen eighth, Star next, and Melody tenth.

THE GRAND DUX MICHAEL STAKES.—Henry VIII, 5st 1lb (J. Wattie); 1; Springtime, 5st 1lb (M. Cannon); 2. Two ran. Betting: 5 to 1 on Henry VIII.

THE BUTTERFLY PLATE.—El Diablo, 5st 1lb (M. Cannon); 1; Mortgage, 5st 1lb (F. Webb); 2; Queen Elizabeth, 5st 1lb (G. Loxton); 3. Sirian, Betting: 5 to 4 against El Diablo, and 5 to 3 against Queen Elizabeth.

THE KIRKLETON HAPPY STAKES (open). For 8 Guineas.

THE ROSE MEMORIAL STAKES.—Gallopia, 5st 1lb (J. Wattie); 1; Dunire, 5st 1lb (M. Cannon); 2; Pilgrim's Progress, 5st 1lb (G. Chaloner); 3. Seven ran. Betting: 9 to 4 against Dunire, and 5 to 1 against Gallopia.

A HARNESS PLATE.—Cobbold, 5st (G. Chaloner); 1; Shire, 5st 1lb (M. Cannon); 2; De Reste, 5st (G. Chaloner); 3. Five ran. Betting: 7 to 2 against Cobbold, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 2; Five ran. Betting: 7 to 2 against Cobbold, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 3. Five ran. Betting: 7 to 2 against Cobbold, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett).

THE ROSE MEMORIAL TWO-YEAR OLD STAKES.—Wynona, 5st 1lb (Nicholas); 1; Mother Superior colt, 5st (Mr. L. Loxton); 2; Chrysanthemum, 5st 1lb (J. Wattie); 3. Three ran. Betting: 7 to 4 against Vampire, 5st to 4 against Mother Superior colt, and 5 to 1 against Chrysanthemum.

THE BELMONT HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES.—Jedel, 5st (G. Chaloner); 1; T. G. T., 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 2; G. G., 5st 1lb (G. Chaloner); 3. G. G., 5st 1lb (G. Chaloner); 4. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 1 against Jedel, and 5 to 1 each against G. G., and 5 to 1 each against T. G. T.

THE BELMONT OLD SWEEPSTAKES.—Camelot, 5st (C. Loxton); 1; Highland Belle, 5st 1lb (J. Wattie); 2; Darke, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 3. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 4. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 5. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 6. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 7. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 8. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 9. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 10. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 11. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 12. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 13. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 14. Five ran. Betting: 5 to 4 against Camelot, 5st 1lb (G. Barrett); 15. Five ran. 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